# THE EXAMINER.

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Notes and Comments ..... 1537
Over the Balkans Again ..... 1539
The Difficulties of the Cabinet .. 1541
The Euphrates Valley Route.... 1542
American Politics..... 1543
The Legal Block ..... 1544
The Internal Trade of India .... 1545
The Theology of Freemasonry .. 1547
The Vice of Talking Shop ..... 1548
Accent and Rhythm..... 1549
Two Sibyls ..... 1550
Green Pastures and Piccadilly, by William Black.—Chapter XLIX. ..... 1550
The Life of the Prince Consort.. 1552
Pius IX. and the Church ..... 1554
Stock Exchange Securities..... 1555
Egyptiana ..... 1556
Christmas Books ..... 1558
Minor Notices ..... 1559
The Magazines ..... 1560
Art ..... 1561
Variorum Notes ..... 1562
New Books and New Editions .. 1563


*If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.*—De Foe.

## POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The "incident" of May 16 would seem to have "terminated," terminated in the withdrawal of the unconstitutional pretensions of the Marshal. He did not yield without a struggle, the issue of which, up to the last moment, was considered doubtful, and he seems, when pressed close, to have spoken of preferring the alternative of resignation to submission; but the leaders of the Chamber were firm, and not to be frightened into imprudent concessions even by the threat of resignation. Apparently the Marshal would have prolonged the struggle if he could by dissolving the Chamber a second time, but this plan was frustrated by the Orleanist Senators, who protested that they would on no account agree to a second dissolution, which would have the effect of plunging France into the horrors of a civil war. The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier even went so far as to say that, if a fresh dissolution were demanded of the Senate, he would leave his Presidential chair to speak against it. For this action the Orleanists have received great credit, and have been hailed as the saviours of France. In a sense, perhaps they are; but they would have shown a more positive virtue if they had prevented the first dissolution, which was not less unconstitutional, as being in the teeth of a majority of the Chamber of Deputies, than a second would have been. Perhaps they were decided in the firmness of their present attitude by the unequivocal signs of commercial distress caused by the proceedings of the Marshal and his advisers.

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The bridge built for the retreat of the Marshal is of a very flimsy description. No doubt it is something for a man who has so disgracefully troubled the peace of his country, whether of his own motive or under evil advice, to escape impeachment. With all our moderation, if such a thing had been attempted in England, every participator in the crime would have been called to a severe reckoning. But short of impeachment, the concessions of the Chamber are nominal. They have given up the idea of a Congress of the two Chambers for the purpose of more clearly defining the Constitution, without which some of them thought it would not be safe to permit the Marshal to retain his office, and as an equivalent for this have insisted upon a Message from the President to the Chambers respecting the rights of Dissolution; that is, they obtain by "spontaneous" pledge what they desired to impose—a certain concession, no doubt to the President's honour. But M. Dufaure, who has been entrusted with the task of forming a Ministry, would consent to no compromise regarding the officials of the Fourtou-de-Broglie Ministry. He insisted upon "entire liberty as to the staff of all the Departments." The Marshal stood out for the choice of the Ministers of War, Marine, and Foreign Affairs. But M. Dufaure was firm. The new Ministry is to be strictly Parliamentary, no place in it being filled by the initiative of the President. There were rumours last night that it was to be taken partly from the Right Centre, partly from the Left Centre, but according to the latest rumours it is to be taken exclusively from the Left Centre.

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Last Friday evening Archbishop Guibert convened the clergy of Paris and the neighbourhood in his palace in order to warn them that terrible street and barricade battles were shortly to be expected. He gave them this information in order that they might take such precautions as they might think fit. As for himself, he intended to follow the example of Archbishop Darboy, and should remain at his post *coûte que coûte*. Happily, the Archbishop has not had an opportunity of proving his heroism, his friends having failed to persuade the Marshal to resist the will of the country.

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Sir Stafford Northcote's criticism of the conduct of Opposition, delivered to the Christchurch Conservative Association on Tuesday, was all perfectly regular. "I do not know," he said, "whether any of you have had occasion to study the speeches (of the Opposition leaders) as I have, but this, I observe, is the keynote which runs through them all. Let us go in for unity of action, and do not let us trouble ourselves about unity of opinion." They must be very eminent members of the "Stupid Party" at Christchurch, if they have not already educed this formula from the Liberal speeches; but what was Sir Stafford to say? This way of putting the Liberal policy was at least as original as one of the sentences which followed, and was greeted with a tribute of "ironical cheers," at whom directed the reporter does not say:—"As long as associations can be formed for the simple and intelligible purpose of displacing the present Government and placing a Liberal Government in its place, Lord Hartington and his associates are quite ready to act together, and there they think they are on ground that is quite unassailable." The only fault to be found with Sir Stafford Northcote's speech is that it might have been composed by a calculating machine.

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There was more individual spirit in Mr. Chamberlain's reply to Sir Stafford Northcote, delivered next evening at Sheffield, particularly in his remarks on the homogeneity of the Cabinet. "A few days ago," Mr. Chamberlain said, "Lord Derby made a speech which, in other circumstances, from the Foreign Minister of any other Cabinet, would have been accepted as thoroughly reassuring, as carrying with it a promise that under no

probable circumstances could this country possibly be dragged into war. And so it was interpreted by the *Times*, and by some other newspapers. Yet the *Daily Telegraph*, and some of the papers which support the Government, and which are striving to hound it into a war for the worst cause, and under the least favourable conditions that war has ever been undertaken—these papers hailed the speech of Lord Derby as encouraging and satisfactory. Now, what is the meaning of this? How were these misunderstandings possible? It was because the Cabinet has two faces and two voices. We were told that they were united. Perhaps they were. So were the Siamese twins; and yet, if report spoke true, there was considerable domestic dissension. If Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby thought the same upon this matter, they contrived to express their thoughts in singularly different language."

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The *Cologne Gazette*, which may be in some measure regarded as the German *Times*, again devotes its attention to England, and uses it as a peg to hang some choice epithets on. "The British Lion is asleep now! Oh, yes; but when British interests are threatened, the British Lion will wake up and roar dreadfully! Oh, yes! Unfortunately, British interests are like the bit of skin in Balzac's story, which kept on shrinking and shrinking in the most miraculous manner." Then the *Cologne Gazette* tells us what British interests are. "But that does not concern England. England is suffering from Bright's disease; her bones are softening. All she does is to let her fleet be worm-eaten in Besika Bay. The part she is now playing merits nothing but derision. Let her boast of her power, but remember, as Lord Palmerston said, that a giant's club is useless in the hands of a baby. What use is England's power in the hands of a Government who do not know how to wield it?" The *Cologne Gazette*, however, finds some comfort in the hope that, after all, Prince Bismarck may perhaps keep his word, and look after the interests—not of England, we are sorry to say—but of Germany. This is truly delicious, but must be very annoying to some of our foreign friends and critics who desire us to walk in the way they are pleased to chalk out for us, and which they assure us is for our benefit, and not at all for theirs.

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*Ulk* brings a cartoon this week representing the British lion endeavouring to persuade an unhappy-looking monkey, in Austrian uniform, to pull the chestnuts out of the Oriental fire. That means, presumably, that we are looking after Austrian chestnuts in the same way that Germany is looking after British chestnuts.

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Great hopes are based on the arrival of Sir Henry Elliott in Constantinople, although his presence is officially described as a matter of etiquette—to present to the Sultan his letters of recall, which he was unable to present after the Conference. The Palace is quite building on the proposals Sir Henry is expected to bring with him.

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A Bill for the extension of the suffrage has been laid before the Italian Chamber of Deputies. The suffrage in Italy has been hitherto confined to a relatively small number of citizens. In a population of some twenty-seven millions there are not more than about six hundred thousand electors, of whom, it must be added, only two-thirds go to the poll. The Bill of the Italian Government proposes to give the franchise to all citizens, above the age of twenty-one, who pay annually in direct taxes (as we understand it) the sum of twenty francs; further on, all who, whether they pay or not, are able to read and write. The Bill also includes one or two fancy franchises. We have seen no estimate of the number of new voters whom this proposal, if it pass into law, will add to the electoral register. How far the Government is serious about the matter is not very clear. Whether, even if serious, they can carry a sweeping measure like this through a divided and discontented Chamber seems also uncertain. And whether the Bill, if it becomes law, will be of use to the country, is a point on which a foreigner will do wisely to suspend his judgment till he has read the discussions which await the project in the Chamber. So much for enfranchisement. On the other hand, the disenfranchisement of the police, and others dependent on the Government and holding a position which enables them to put pressure on electors, is advocated by a good many Italians. Each party when in office is charged, by the party out of power, with a wholesale abuse of administrative influence. There is no doubt that it is an evil to be guarded against, and an evil likely to be fostered by some of the habits and no-habits of political life in Italy. But there is nothing about this in the Bill.

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Two thousand representatives of the cotton spinners of Cheshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire have just met at Blackburn, and replied to the masters' proposal of a 5 per cent. reduction in wages with a counter-resolution for reducing the out-put. If this is declined, a strike, it is said, will ensue—a disastrous one if it does happen. It is to be observed that this method of mitigating the prevalent depression by curtailing the production is finding favour with other trades as well—the coal trade in particular, which has begun a systematic agitation for that purpose, under the auspices of Mr. Macdonald, M.P. The workmen's reasoning is obvious—reduced production, by restoring the equilibrium between demand and the present over-supply, must lead to a rise in prices, and so enable the masters to maintain the old rate of wages. But, in the first place, it is the *rate* only that would be maintained: the amount of wages received every week would be lowered in proportion to the amount of service rendered. The proposal perhaps shows that the workmen fear lest a reduced rate, once introduced, should be established permanently; and it may be only another way of saying that the employers and operatives in the cotton trade have not yet learned to trust one another in conciliation and arbitration boards. As a matter of fact, they have none such. But, in the next place, is over-production the real cause of the depression? Some say that it is owing to the protection to which nations are more and more committing themselves all over the world; to the rising competition of India; and to the adulteration practised by our own manufacturers. But if this be so, it seems clear that the workmen's restrictions would only intensify the evil. To curtail production would be to retire, to a corresponding extent, from the world's markets, and to hand over to our rivals a custom which it would be difficult to regain.

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The mistake of attaching a political signification to the dinner at which Mr. Archibald Forbes was entertained by his fellow-journalists last Saturday could not have been made by any one present on the occasion. It was a purely friendly gathering, of the most cordial kind. The Eastern Question was not included in the invitations, and there was no mischief-maker to introduce it surreptitiously. The reason for the compliment paid to Mr. Forbes was well expressed in the admirable speech of the chairman, Mr. Sala, in describing the conditions under which the Special Correspondent does his work. "How does he pen his despatches? In a comfortable library, well stored with books of reference, so that he can know the date of the battle of Ramillies, or tell how many men fell at the battle of Marathon? Does he write them in a comfortable club smoking-room, with obedient waiters to bring him the odoriferous Mocha and the fragrant Havanna? No; he writes them too often in some squalid hovel, in the worst inns, on a sloppy table, with a chance pen, chance ink, and on chance paper, surrounded by a howling gang of Turks, Jews, heretics, gipsies, and special correspondents, while the special artists of the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic* are making some symmetrical sketches, with a meal-tub or hen-coop

for an easel! Or perhaps he has not even the shelter of a thatched roof. Most likely the three columns he writes are written in the open air, on a saddle, or a drum, or a portmanteau, with rags on his back, ague and dysentery in his limbs, with fever in his brain, and famine in his belly. That is how he writes the letters which are admired in the clubs and at dinner tables; but little do his admirers know what he has gone through. This is why, I take it, we are doing honour to our friend to-night, and we, his brethren of the Press, are most sincerely interested in wishing him not only continued prosperity, not only enhanced renown, but long life and continued health." It may safely be said that no man ever received a better deserved or more unanimous compliment from his fellow-workers.

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The claims which he put forward for Special Correspondents were very modest. It is inevitable that there should be defects in work performed under such circumstances as he described, though they still leave room for the literary merits which he justly ascribed to Mr. Forbes—"wonderful power of word-painting, minute faculty of composition, and rare and racy humour." Mr. Sala did not claim for the Special Correspondent the comprehensive accuracy or the literary finish of the historian. "We do not claim," he said, "to sway the opinions or govern the policies of nations; we do not claim to be Xenophons, or all of us William Howard Russells, or Alexander Kinglakes, or even Froissarts; we only claim to possess a fair intellectual and business-like capacity, directed into a particular channel for the accomplishment of a useful public purpose—we only claim to be useful servants of the State." To supply the insatiate greed of the public for news is the strict function of the Special Correspondent, and Mr. Sala did not claim to go beyond his last; but if he had pitched his claims higher, few would have been disposed to gainsay them.

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The company which assembled in Willis's Rooms to do honour to Mr. Archibald Forbes was a curious contrast in one respect to the company which met at Exeter on Thursday to pay a similar compliment to Sir Stafford Northcote, though in both cases there was the same rare suspension of political differences. Sir Stafford was the guest of the county of Devon; his entertainers were, as the *Times* put it, his own county neighbours, "friends at school and college," "colleagues in the daily business of the country side," men who had been "united in the simple work and pleasure of life, in chambers, and in the field, before they took their sides in the great political struggles of their day," and whose "fathers and grandfathers had been similarly united before them." Mr. Forbes's entertainers were also for the most part his friends and colleagues, but how very different in their local origin! A more fortuitous concourse of atoms than a gathering of journalists could not be found, drifted together from the most diverse quarters, waifs and strays from every country, every clime, every profession. Lord Houghton well said that men had met that evening who had never met before, and probably would never meet again. With the majority of Sir Stafford Northcote's Devonshire friends, it might have been predicted from the hour of their birth that they would dine together some day in honour of some one of their members, but it would have required a very long second-sight to foresee, twenty years ago, the composition of the company at Willis's Rooms.

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## OVER THE BALKANS AGAIN.

*(With a Sketch from Official Sources.)*

The chief interest for the moment centres again round the operations of General Gourko. For the second time he has crossed the Balkans, and is about to carry the war into Roumelia. He accomplished this operation in the same way as he executed his first march, and with much the same object. By almost unknown roads he secured the Hainkoi Pass, with the intention of turning the Schibka Pass. By equally difficult and scarcely known roads he secured the Etropol Pass, with the object of turning the Baba Konak Pass, and, after that, the Ginzi Pass. He failed in his intention at Schibka because he was not supported. But now he has the assistance of General Schuvaloff, and a sufficient number of men to secure and hold the prizes he snatches away one after the other from the grasp of the Turks. Having secured the positions at Lazeni and Etropol, he at once continued his advance from Lazeni on Orkhanieh, and from Etropol by the cross-road, to which we especially directed attention last week, leading to the northern entrance of the Baba Konak Pass. At the same time he advanced from Etropol by another path, which we did not lay down in our last week's sketch, and of which we have only just received information. This road—very little known, except to the Bulgarian herdsmen—branches off from the road leaving Etropol, and running to the northern entrance of the pass, and curves round, *vid* the village of Strigli, into the high-road south of the Baba Konak. And simultaneously he pushed forward along the road from Etropol to Zlatitza, and occupied the defiles leading to Kilissakoi and Zlatitza.

By this movement he turned two of the Turkish positions at the same time. Whilst the column advanced from Lazeni on Orkhanieh, the first column from Etropol was marching by the cross-road upon the northern entrance to the Baba Konak and to cut off the retreat of the Orkhanieh garrison, who, when attacked in front by the Lazeni column, and menaced in the flank by the Etropol column, had nothing left but to retreat across the Baba Konak and unite with the bulk of the forces south of Baba Konak and concentrate between the villages of Gorni Komartzi, Strigli, and Dolni Komartzi. They were obliged to renounce any attempt at holding the pass itself, because of the existence of the road leading from Etropol to Strigli to which we have alluded, and could do no more than strongly entrench themselves in the angle formed by the junction of the high-roads from Orkhanieh and Zlatitza to Sophia and at Zlatitza itself. This movement also necessitated the abandonment of the positions at Lutakovo and Novatchin and also at Liutibrod, the troops of which retired to the Ogaya Pass.

Now, referring to the accompanying sketch, which is more detailed and accurate than any map either published or unpublished in this country, the plans of General Gourko become singularly plain, and show to what an extent Sophia is threatened. At almost every turn the Turkish positions are outflanked. First of all, we find a path leading along the Isker, well known to the Bulgarian monks of the Tcherepis Monastery. It is difficult but practicable, and splits up into a number of paths running more or less parallel with each other, now over and along the heights, now in the valley and more or less commanding each other. Kanitz made use of one of them, but his visit was too short to explore them all. At about four hours' march from Liutibrod, a path branches off southwards, west of Ignotitz, and debouches in the road from Novatchin and Lutakovo, just east of the Ogaya Pass, where the Turkish garrisons from Lutakovo and Novatchin have taken up a position. Passing through the Isker Pass, the road, after this cross-path has been left behind, branches off westwards to Opletna, and southwards to Ogaya. From Opletna it runs almost due south to Lukovo and Sophia. From Ogaya, the cross-road curves round into this road, south-east of Korila, where the Turks have taken up a position with an advance-guard on the road between Ogaya and Korila.

Now, still referring to the sketch, it will be seen that the Turks do not occupy any position on the Sophia-Opletna road. They, however, possess one at the entrance of the Ginzi Pass on the road to Berkovtcha. But this pass is tapped, so to speak, in the very middle, by a path which curves round from Opletna and Metschopoliana. At the same time the Ogaya-Korila

road is cut through by a road running from Vratshesh to Lukovo.

Along all these roads the Russians have pushed forward as the Turks retreated. They have pierced through to the Isker Pass, where, as far as is known, the Turks have occupied no position. They have advanced by the cross-road past Ignatitz, by the road from Novatchin, and by the road from Vratshesh on the Turkish position at Ogaya. Thus, the Ginzi Pass is threatened from Berkovtcha in front, and by the Isker Pass column in the rear, whilst the Ogaya position is menaced from three sides likewise, so that in all probability the Turks will have to retire to the position near Korila, where the Isker defile commences, and the road to Berkovtcha and Lom Palanka turns off to the north-west.

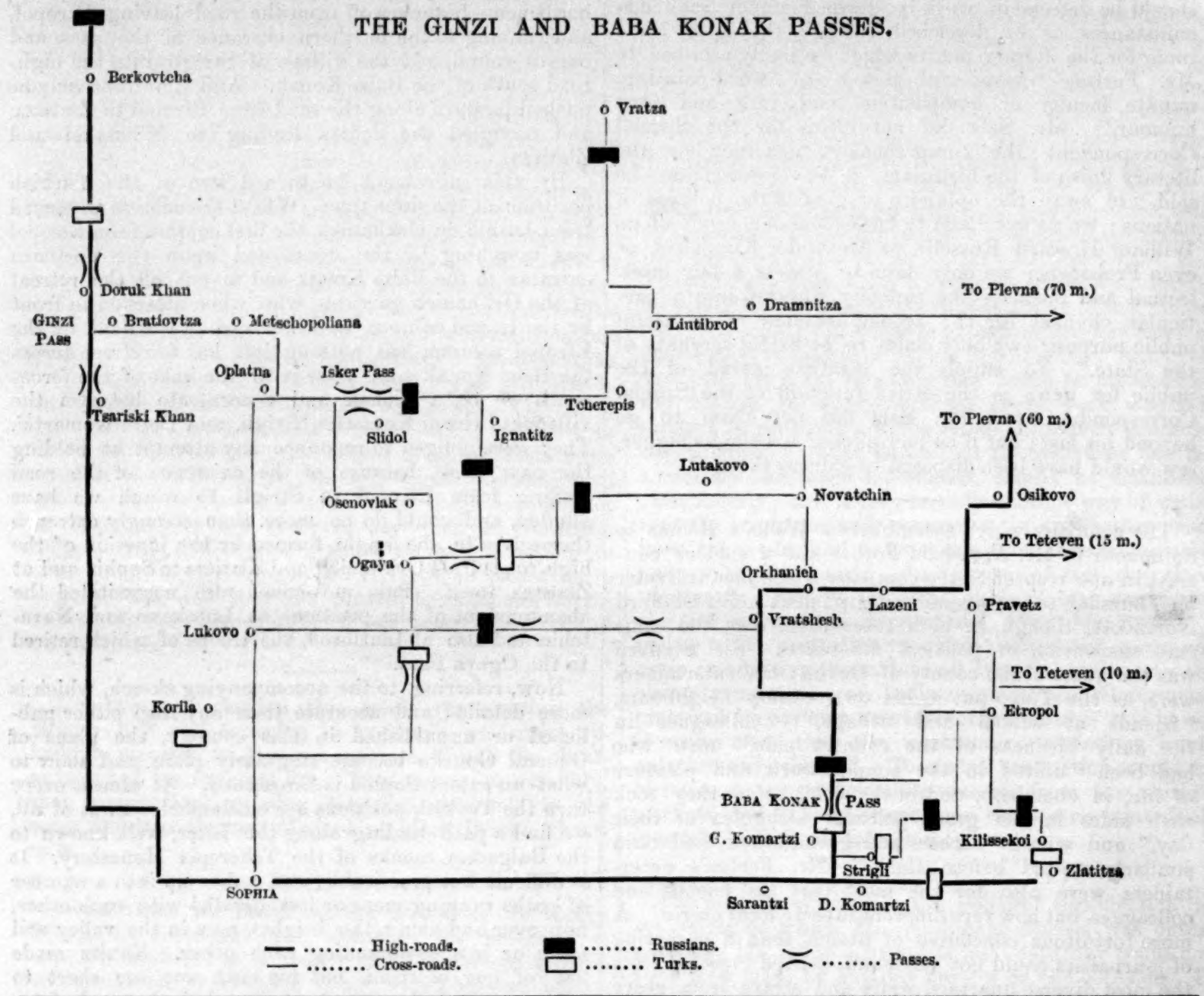
These four columns, conducted by General Gourko, are therefore carrying out a turning movement on the Ginzi Pass and Sophia, whilst General Schuvaloff is engaged in operating against the positions of Mehemet Ali at the southern debouchment of the Baba Konak Pass.

At this point there is also a turning movement in progress. Whilst the Baba Konak is threatened by the columns from Orkhanieh and Etropol, a third column is operating against Zlatitza, so as to gain the high-road to Sophia, and take the Turkish position in the flank at Dolni Komartzi.

Now, from the accounts received by the Seraskeriate, it would appear that the attempts of the Russians to force the positions at Komartzi had failed. It necessarily follows that the turning movement before Zlatitza also failed, or was not carried out in time to be of service to the front attack.

The result of the operations now depends upon Mehemet Ali's being able to hold his positions, of which that at Strigli is the centre. This depends upon

THE GINZI AND BABA KONAK PASSES.

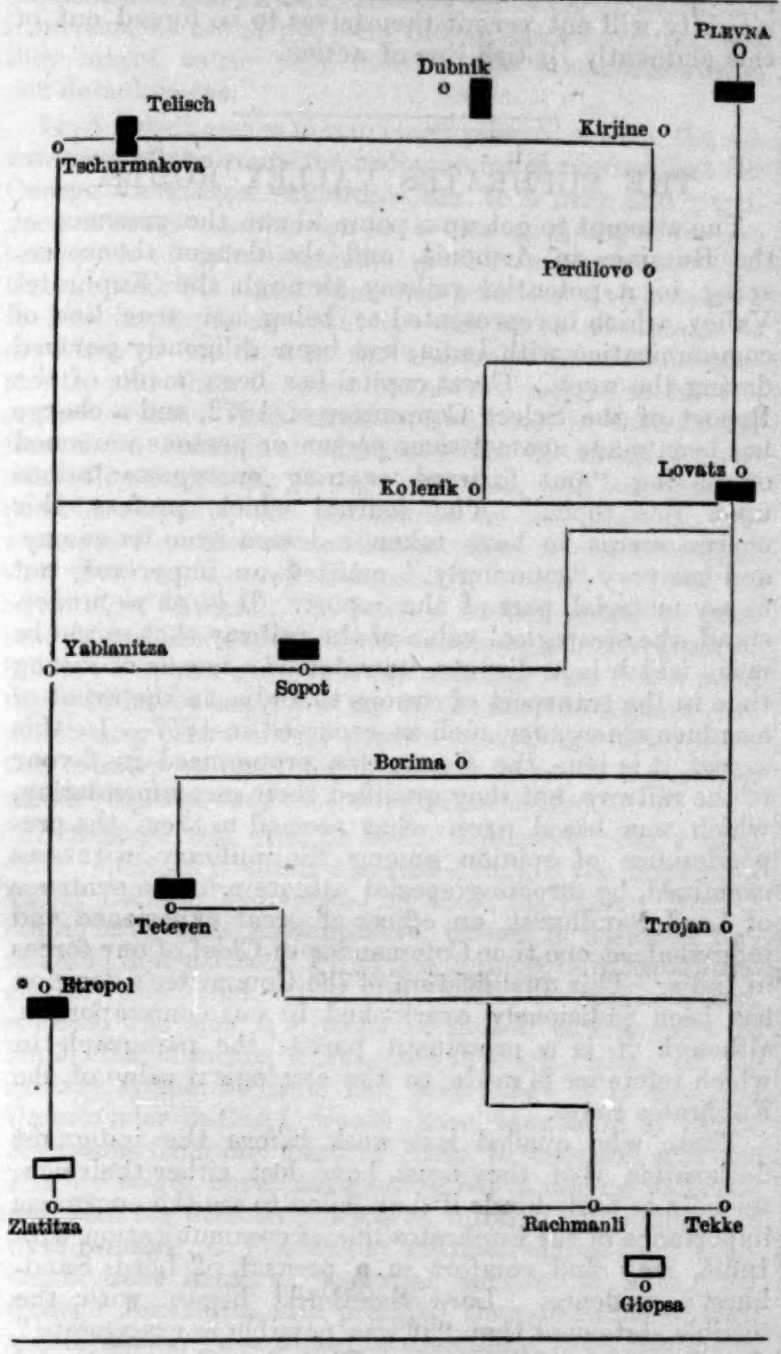



the number of men he possesses, holding the Ginzi Pass, and the positions at Ogaya and Lukovo, the taking of which would menace his rear, and force him to abandon the Komartzi positions, and, falling back upon Sophia, endeavour to convert that town into a second Plevna, and take up the *rôle* Osman Pasha is about to lay down. Such would be his wisest plan. On the other hand, if the Russians allow him to do this they will be guilty of as great an error as when they permitted Osman Pasha to seize Plevna. Excuses on the score of insufficient forces cannot be accepted in palliation of such an error. If General Gourko has not enough troops at his disposal, he ought not to have pressed Mehemet Ali so hardly, thus discovering his plans before they could be put into execution, and enabling Mehemet Ali to take his precautions.

It is not clear how many men General Gourko may have under his command, nor where he himself is. On November 24 he was still in Telisch. But, according to our intelligence, he has since advanced, and is probably sufficiently near to the seat of operations to conduct the turning movement against the Ginzi Pass, as the passage of the Danube by the Roumanians at Rahova, and the occupation of Lom Palanka, suffices to bar the way of Osman Pasha in case he should attempt to break out on the strength of the dispersement of the Russian troops under Gourko in the defiles of the Etropol and Ginzi Balkans. Altogether it is difficult to credit Gourko with more than 25,000 men, who are split up into several columns. On the other hand, taking a high estimate, Mehemet Ali cannot have more than 35,000 men of all classes, who, in truth, are split up into at least three portions—at Komartzi, Korila, and Ginzi, besides strong outpost detachments at Zlatitza, Ogaya, and Lukovo.

At the same time, however, it must not be forgotten that the apparently successful demonstration by Suleiman Pasha, and his reported capture of Elena, may

have some influence in the course of operations farther westwards, not by drawing away troops from Gourko's command, but by lessening the pressure of the Russians at the Schibka Pass, and setting free some of the Turkish troops there. That such is the idea of the Turks seems to be proved by Raouf Pasha having been succeeded by Eyub Pasha, Raouf being occupied in raising a fresh army, which is doubtless intended for the assistance of Mehemet Ali. He is reported to be collecting a force at Giopsa, near Karlovo, which can have no other object than the occupation of the passages to Trojan and




Teteven, or a junction with Mehemet Ali's troops at Zlatitza.

In view of this eventuality, it is quite impossible to imagine that Gourko's forces should be weakened in order to protect Tirnova. On the contrary, they must be increased. Whether this will be effected by the advance of Roumanian or Russian troops to Vratza, or by the despatch of a Servian corps, remains to be seen. The Servians have at their disposal, for offensive purposes, a force of 25,000 men and 100 guns. Prince Milan has harangued them, declared his intention of fighting by their side, and now there is nothing more for him to do but lead his men into the field and march upon Pirot or Berkovtcha.

In the *Times* summary on Tuesday last there is a very strange error, which is simply inexplicable. It is there stated that the Turks still hold Vratza. The town and neighbourhood are held by General Leonoff with the 2nd Cavalry Division of Guards, and it was a portion of these troops which assisted in the demonstration against Orkhanieh, and, though beaten back, enabled the troops under Schuvaloff, Rauch, and Ellis to secure Etropol and Pravatz.

Before Plevna there is nothing new to record. In Asia Minor, the most noteworthy incidents are the retreat of Dervish Pasha from his positions on the Kintrishi, and the formation of a fresh army at Erzingian from the troops who were on their march to Erzeroum, when General Heimann appeared before it. The only "news" given by the *Times* this week, with the exception of Dervish Pasha's retreat, in regard to this part of the field, may all be found in the *Examiner* of November 17. Both sides are recruiting themselves.

## THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE CABINET.

Sir Stafford Northcote told the Christchurch Conservative Association on Tuesday evening that "they knew very well what the general views of the Government are," although they cannot expect, in the circumstances, anything but "dullness, insipidity, and nothingness" in the speeches of individual members. There is one member of the Government—we imagine, who will not much enjoy this apologetic description of his speeches, but it may be, as the *Times* says, that he does not count; it may be that importance is given to his speeches abroad, because foreigners do not understand him as well as we do at home. In spite of the bellicose and provocative tone of Lord Beaconsfield's speeches, the country may fairly be said to know generally the views of the Government, that is, the views which have prevailed for the last year in the Cabinet. We know generally that the Government stands pledged not to interfere in the war between Russia and Turkey unless British interests are threatened; but unfortunately a time has come when there is a certain uneasiness in not knowing more than the general views of the Government. We begin to wish that we knew their particular views, their particular conception of British interests. We desire also to have some inkling of what action they would consider necessary for the defence of British interests—whether their action would be simply precautionary or directly aggressive. Supposing, for example, that the Russians cross the Balkans in force, a condition which probably will soon be realised, and supposing that the Government regard Constantinople as a British interest, and suspect the Czar of having designs upon its permanent occupation, what would they do? It might be considered sufficient to move our fleet into the Black Sea, and hold it practically as a material guarantee. This might be done with the consent of Turkey and of the other neutral Powers, without whose co-operation Sir Stafford Northcote pledges his word that the Government will take no action whatever. But it is asserted in a foreign newspaper of high standing, that the Head of the Government has been saying freely in private that when Constantinople is threatened the Government will treat it as a *casus belli* if the Russians refuse to stay their advance.

However great our curiosity on such points as these, we cannot expect any member of the Cabinet to answer such hypothetical questions. We have every confidence that, as long as the present majority of the Cabinet hold their own, no rash step will be taken. Rashness is certainly not their distinguishing characteristic. But what security is there that they will continue to hold their own? We have been assured again and again that the most complete unanimity obtains within the Cabinet, and we suppose we must believe the assertion, and reconcile it with the public utterances of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gathorne Hardy as best we may. But it is certain that the unanimity which is said to exist between the different sections of the Cabinet, if we may speak of sections in a body so homogeneous, does not exist between the united Cabinet and the main body of its party supporters. Nobody can doubt that a declaration of war against Russia, at any moment since the war broke out, would have been excessively popular on the Conservative benches in Parliament. Their views are the views of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Daily Telegraph*, whose opinion of the defensive resources of the British Empire is so low that they exclaimed against the folly of allowing the Russians to cross the Danube

unopposed, as if it was the death-blow to all our greatness. These views are repudiated by the Cabinet as the raving of fanatics; but such is the excellent discipline of the Conservative forces, so ready are they always to subordinate what they believe to be for the good of their country to what their official leaders tell them is for the good of their party, that, just as they tolerated Mr. Disraeli in 1867, and voted doggedly against their convictions, so now they tolerate the retention of office by a Conservative Cabinet, although privately they affirm in the strongest language that the British Empire is on the eve of being swallowed up by the uncivilised hordes of the Muscovite.

Now this is not a satisfactory position for a Cabinet to hold. It is an anomaly in party government that the Cabinet should not be in thorough accord with the party in power. The country can otherwise have no security against sudden and unforeseen leaps and jerks in their policy. There is the greatest danger at the present moment that the Cabinet, taking advantage of their guarded declarations, yield suddenly to the pressure behind them. In every declaration of the Cabinet hitherto which has professed to be official, there has been no trace of a sensational conception of British interests. But room has been left for such a conception to creep in as the guiding principle of their policy, without exposing them to a charge of literal inconsistency. However readily Lord Beaconsfield may have deferred to the prudent counsels of his present colleagues, nobody can doubt that he would be at least equally ready to head a Cabinet willing to give effect to the bravado of the Nyms and Pistols of his party. And there is every reason to believe that he would obtain support from a more august quarter. It is a wise rule that the name of the Sovereign should never be introduced into our party polemics. But those who think that this rule should be absolute betray an unacquaintance with the niceties of the British Constitution. The Sovereign has always claimed, and not only claimed but exercised, more than a formal concern in matters of peace and war. The opinion of the Sovereign is a positive factor in such matters, which are considered to be above the region of party politics, and consequently open to freer discussion. Abroad, the personal bias of the Crown is very freely canvassed. Reports of its independent action are also circulated, which we must refuse to believe; but the 'Life of the Prince Consort,' issued this week at a moment when it can hardly be regarded except as a political—we do not mean a party—manifesto, leaves little doubt in what direction the bias of the Crown inclines. It inclines to what we must humbly regard as an exaggerated fear of Russia as an enemy of civilisation, exaggerated in two ways, both as regards the barbarous character of Russia, and as regards its power to do harm. If we are to put the natural inference upon the appearance of this book at the present moment, an appearance to be regretted as ill-judged on the part of the biographer if it has no political intention, the bias of the Crown is one of the forces that must be reckoned as pressing against the persistence of the Cabinet in a steady and temperate vigilance for British interests.

The course that ought to be pursued by all those who do not wish to see this country involved in a futile war at the instigation of visionary fears, is to make their voices heard in favour of a precautionary as against an aggressive policy in the event of any English interest being supposed to be threatened on the Bosphorus. Assurances from the Czar we already have that he does not meditate trying to get permanent possession of Constantinople; but if we cannot trust them, or if we suppose that popular feeling in Russia would not permit the Czar to keep his word, let us combine with the other Powers interested in taking due precautions. Austria is at least as much interested as we are in keeping the Russians out of Constantinople, and Germany is not supposed to be indifferent. But we should not be betrayed by any irrational panic into aggressive measures. There are not wanting signs, from which outsiders must judge, in the absence of official information, that if our Government were foolish enough to declare war against Russia, it would not be without an ally. But our interests do not demand such a step, and it is not a very noble kind of Quixotism to pluck other people's chestnuts out of the fire. We are, it is to be hoped, still strong enough in ships, men, and money to defend our own interests when they are attacked; and also strong enough not to fire off our guns before the enemy comes within range, or makes it clear that he comes with hostile intentions. In so far as British interests are concerned, the Cabinet has acted, if it can be said to have acted at all, on the principle of defence not defiance, and we hope the majority will not permit themselves to be forced out of this eminently British line of action.

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## THE EUPHRATES VALLEY ROUTE.

The attempt to get up a panic about the presence of the Russians in Armenia, and the danger thence ensuing to a potential railway through the Euphrates Valley, which is represented as being our true line of communication with India, has been diligently pursued during the week. Great capital has been made of the Report of the Select Committee of 1872, and a charge has been made against some person or persons unnamed of having "put forward cunning misrepresentations upon this topic." The journal which prefers this charge seems to have taken a lesson from its enemy, and has very "cunningly" omitted an important, not to say material, part of the report. It is, as we understand, the strategical value of the railway that might be made which is in dispute, its value as a means of saving time in the transport of troops to India, in the event of a sudden emergency such as occurred in 1857. In this aspect, it is true, the Committee pronounced in favour of the railway, but they qualified their recommendation, which was based upon what seemed to them the preponderance of opinion among the military witnesses examined, by directing special attention to the evidence of Lord Sandhurst, an officer of great experience and judgment, at one time Commander-in-Chief of our forces in India. This qualification of the Committee's decision has been judiciously overlooked by our contemporary, although it is a prominent part of the paragraph in which reference is made to the strategical value of the Euphrates route.

Those who quailed last week before the indignant declaration that they must have lost either their consciences or their heads if they failed to see the enormous importance of the Euphrates line of communication with India, may find comfort in a perusal of Lord Sandhurst's evidence. Lord Sandhurst began with the terrible statement that "it was possible to exaggerate" the advantages of the route. Then he was questioned minutely as to its conceived advantages in two separate respects—as a route for the ordinary exchange of troops between England and India, and as a route for the transmission of troops to meet a special emergency. In neither respect could Lord Sandhurst be brought to see its advantages. With regard to the ordinary relief services, on which a gain of four or five days could not be considered by anybody to be of much consequence, he gave a decided preference to the present practice. "I think," he said, "it is better for the troops; I think it better for their health, and that you will land a greater number of men, not only in a state of health, but alive, if they are carried as they are now, than if you transport them by the proposed plan." The Euphrates route he considered to be both more costly and more insecure. If the men are to be transmitted with decent comfort, we should require establishments at both ends of the railway, and rest-houses at intervals of 250 miles. Besides, Lord Sandhurst anticipated difficulties from tribes in the neighbourhood of Bagdad, which, however willing the Turkish authorities might be to do the work of policing the line for us, are but imperfectly under their control. "When I was connected," he said, "with the government of India, I was officially aware of the fact that the governors of Bagdad do send out parties of troops to coerce the

tribes. Probably one of the very first things which a tribe would do, if it got into a state of insurrection or rebellion against the Governor of Bagdad, would be to invade the railway and tear up the line. Therefore, it is just possible that if our troops made use of that line as the ordinary means of relief every year, it would occasionally happen that detachments would be detained for a very considerable time in consequence of political differences between the Turkish Administration and the tribes in the neighbourhood of Bagdad, Mosul, and so forth. I do not mean to say that that would often happen, but still it is a positive fact that these partial insurrections are of not very infrequent occurrence, and they might cause very considerable inconvenience to our detachments."

Lord Sandhurst was not much pressed as to the advantages of the route for ordinary relief service, but Sir George Jenkinson subjected him to a fiery and pertinacious cross-examination as to its advantages for the transport of reinforcements in an emergency. Sir George took his stand upon two positions which seemed to him impregnable—that it must be an advantage to save four or five days in the transmission of reinforcements, and that it must be an advantage to have a second route. Both these propositions in their literal form Lord Sandhurst admitted, but he added a consideration which Sir George was then, and our contemporaries are now, too hot-headed to see, that the advantages were not of so transcendent a character that they must be secured irrespective of cost. "It is an advantage," he said, "to have a second string to your bow, if you can get it without incurring a great responsibility." "If you can get it for nothing, then it is a good thing to have; but if you are to pay for it by a guarantee, which may throw a very great responsibility either upon this country or upon India, then it becomes a question which requires very nice calculation indeed."

A passage was read to Lord Sandhurst from a consular report, in which it was stated that, if the Euphrates Valley Railway had existed in 1857, the Indian Mutiny might have been extinguished before it assumed formidable dimensions. From this opinion Lord Sandhurst entirely dissented. The fatal want in 1857, he considered, was not the want of means of transport to India, but of means of transport through India. If the railway system in India had been what it is now, the Commander-in-Chief would have been able to throw his troops from one part of India to another, and the Mutiny might never have succeeded in raising its head; but with the defective means of internal communication then existing, no facilities of communication from home would have been of essential service to him. Sir George Jenkinson, still pressing the point that at least a gain of four days would be something, Lord Sandhurst said that our tenure of India must never be left to the chance of getting troops from home in four days or any number of days. The Commander-in-Chief must always have at his disposal a sufficient number of troops to quell disorder, otherwise the situation of the English in India would be intolerably precarious. "I think," Lord Sandhurst said, "it would be most unfair to the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief in India to leave them in a position which, in the case of a so-called emergency arising, would make those reinforcements dependent upon the arrival of reinforcements from England being deferred for a few days or even weeks." Sir George, still pressing the point that four days must be an advantage, Lord Sandhurst further explained that "when you are conducting a very large operation of war, spread over a considerable period, such an interval of time as is represented by five or six days ceases to be of very much consequence. When you come to the arrangements of a campaign within an area of forty or fifty miles, four or five days are of enormous importance; but I really cannot apply such considerations when the movement of troops extends over half the world, and you first have to collect your troops in such a country as this." Our Indian Empire must not put its trust in quick roads from the mother country.

"Everybody understands," the *Daily Telegraph* says, "that a cask of dynamite or a scuttled ship might easily stop the Canal passage for weeks." This is an idea which has taken a great hold of those well-informed fanatics who do not know that the Isthmus of Suez can be crossed by rail as well as by water. A remark of the same kind was quoted to Lord Sandhurst from another consular report, which gave him the opportunity of making the following explanation:—"The passage of troops is entirely independent of the Suez Canal; it is only within the last six or eight months that Her Majesty's steam transports have begun to pass through the Suez Canal at all as a matter of practice. I think that it is within this year (1872) that that has happened, but certainly within the last twelve months. The first experiment was made about two years ago, but till that first experiment about two years ago the troops were disembarked at Suez and transported by rail to Alexandria, there being staff officers appointed by the Duke of Cambridge to receive and forward them, and there never was the slightest difficulty in carrying on the service. The Canal having been enlarged, having been deepened, and in some places widened, as I understand, during the last eighteen months, that which was experimentally tried two years ago, is now adopted as the regular course, but it is quite clear that if anything happened to bar the Suez Canal, either from landslips or from a ship running aground, as stated in the question, it is perfectly easy to revert at once to the use of the railway to disembark the troops at Alexandria, and change them again at Suez, and *vice versâ*; it is the merest matter of business." This may be commended to those who persist in speaking of a Euphrates Valley Railway as our alternative route to be used in case of the stoppage of the Canal. We have already an alternative route through Egypt, and, if need be, we can make another. There are no conceivable circumstances, or ought to be none, in which the road through Egypt would be closed to our troops while the Euphrates Valley was open. There may be advantages in the Euphrates Valley route, and it may be worth while afterwards to consider whether these advantages can be secured at a reasonable cost, but they are clearly not of a nature to justify the madcap enterprise of an English invasion of Armenia, which has been seriously advocated by our panic-mongers, so seriously that they do not hesitate to say that those who differ from them must either have lost their consciences or lost their heads.

## AMERICAN POLITICS.

The professions with which Mr. Hayes began and ended his candidature for the Presidency were, almost until last Tuesday morning, received with a considerable amount of scepticism by writers on both sides of the Atlantic. At any rate, it was commonly doubted whether he would have the ability, even if he had the sincerest wish, to carry them out, and sufficient tenacity of purpose in the event of dogged, disappointing opposition. But the terms of the Message show that the President is a man of his word; whilst the danger of any really formidable antagonism on the part of the Legislature has disappeared with the old coherence and definiteness of party organisation. The President, apparently, is now in a position to control the destinies of the Union, and it is also clear that he confidently relies on the support of the people in the execution of reforms from which a less resolute ruler might be deterred by considerations of what the "politicians" elevate even above patriotism, viz., party allegiance. But for the success of his financial project—that part of the Presidential programme in which Englishmen and Americans feel most interest at the present moment—Mr. Hayes will be just as much indebted to party divisions as to the force of the sentiment of national honour. The question of the currency cuts across all party divisions, the Atlantic coast population, both Republican and Democratic, being in favour of "hard" money; that of

the Western, *i.e.* the agricultural, the undeveloped, and the borrowing States, for "soft" money, though even in the West there are many enthusiastic supporters of Mr. Hayes's resumption policy. Under these circumstances, the President has emphatically declared against repeal of the Resumption Act, which provides that "on and after Jan. 1, 1879, the Secretary of the Treasury shall redeem in coin the United States legal tender notes then outstanding"—"coin," of course meaning gold. "I recommend," says the President, "that any legislation providing for silver coinage should exempt the public debt heretofore issued from the payment of either principal or interest in coinage of less value than the present gold coinage of the country." This strikes at Mr. Bland's silver remonetization Bill, and the quibble on the word "coin," of which the more unscrupulous class of politicians would take advantage for the purpose of paying the creditors of the Union in a depreciated currency. There now can hardly be a doubt that all public securities contracted not only since 1873, but since the war of secession, will be paid in gold. In this case, as in others, honesty is the best policy; and it is worthy of note that the President's financial declarations of last Monday were immediately followed by a rise, in the London market, of three-quarters per cent. in the price of United States Four and a-half per Cent. Bonds. On the subject of tariff, the Message says but little; though the proposed re-imposition of a duty on tea, in view of a revision regarding certain items in the tariff list, seems in harmony with the anti-Protectionist feeling that is slowly, but surely, gathering force throughout the United States.

Less promising, but by no means wholly unpromising, are the prospects of Civil Service reform. Hitherto, the Conkling faction has successfully opposed the President's efforts in this direction. And, as the Senate has refused to accept Mr. Hayes's nominations for three leading posts in the New York Customs Office, the present incumbents cannot legally be displaced. As their dismissal was resolved upon in consequence of their violation of the rule prohibiting Government officers from sharing in the management of party politics, their present successful defiance is most likely the beginning of a series of obstinate battles over the "spoils system." It is to be remembered, however, that the Democrats have hitherto kept aloof from the Civil Service question. The Republican Senators and the President have had it all to themselves. Even the States have been conspicuously silent on the subject. Seeing, therefore, that the Democrats—at all events the Southern Democrats—are bound to the President by so many ties of gratitude, and that there exists throughout the Union a strong feeling in favour of reform generally, the President may fairly consider himself entitled to rely on the support of the nation as against the politician class. Of the third "plank" in Mr. Hayes's "platform," viz., the restoration of self-government to the South, it is enough to say that it appears to have justified the expectations of all who approved a measure so just, so patriotic, and at the same time so trustful and generous. The only project mentioned in his addresses during the beginning of the year, to which no reference is made in this week's Message, was one for imposing some restrictions on universal suffrage. The connexion between official corruption and the votes of loafers, rowdies, blacklegs, who have everything to dread from a purified administration, is a fact known and felt everywhere; but evidently the question of qualification is one to be approached with fear and trembling in a country whose Constitution starts from the grand principle that all men have been created equal, though, by the way, Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, would have looked aghast at the bare mention of the developments which their axiom underwent in after times. Perhaps the very utmost extent to which a reformer would venture to proceed in this path would be the imposition of an educational test—once timidly suggested by Mr. Hayes himself. As a matter of fact, there are one or two States in which a voter must at least prove his ability to read a paragraph of the noble Constitution which his representatives are sworn to defend. There is, however, one simple method which would ensure a universal satisfaction of the test in the course of another generation. Education is now universal, in the sense of being free and open to all—make it universally compulsory. This is a measure which is ardently advocated by the best citizens of the Union.

In brief, the more closely the political movements in the United States are considered, the clearer does it become that the old party lines are disappearing, and that the rising political force on the Continent is neither "democracy" nor "republicanism," as these have for sixteen years been understood, but "Nationalism." Against the bitter anti-Southern feeling of Mr. Conkling and his followers, it will surely suffice to place the hearty and general approval of the policy of reconstruction in the South; the enthusiasm with which the Southern population welcomed the Centennial day; and the loyal promptitude with which their leading citizens are once more coming forward to devote their time and their talents to the service of their country. The mere presence in the Legislature of men like Lamar from Mississippi, Gordon from Georgia, and Garland from Arkansas, ought to be enough to refute Mr. Conkling's rubbish about a Southern "raid" on the Treasury. As the old grounds for distinction between North and South—Republicans and Secessionists—are thus vanishing for ever, it is not a little amusing to listen to the condolences which critics lavish on the President for his supposed predicament in being supported only by adversaries and abandoned by his friends. His "friends" are those who will endorse his national policy, and it is a matter of indifference whether you call them Republicans, or Democrats, or even both. It is merely a case of labelling a new thing with an old name. For the same reason the majority question in the Senate is one of comparatively trifling importance. The labour which some writers undergo of counting Republican gains and losses with miserly exactitude, is scarcely worth the trouble. The vote of a swindling carpet-bagger more or less will count for little in the sum of forces silently shaping the future of the Union.

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## THE LEGAL BLOCK.

No doubt can any longer exist in the minds of reasonable men that the state of legal business is a grave and serious scandal. The optimistic writer in Tuesday's *Times*, who plays with figures like a cat with a mouse, has himself furnished materials wherewith his own complacent conclusion may be refuted. He thinks that the Judges are devoting themselves to the diligent removal of arrears, and that the list of causes will soon present an appearance immediately pleasing to suitors and indirectly satisfactory to the public. The materials from which he deduces this charming result are as follows. There were, at the beginning of the present Nisi Prius sittings in Westminster Hall, 860 cases set down for trial. Of these, 50 have since been made remanets, or directed to stand over, at the desire of the parties; 40 have been postponed because it was necessary to take the evidence of persons living beyond the jurisdiction of the Courts, for which purpose it is necessary that commissions should be issued. We may express a passing hope, in regard to these cases, that none of them may prove to resemble an important commercial suit mentioned by Sir Henry Maine, which collapsed for want of the principal witness's testimony, "the theory being that, as he was in a foreign country, a commission should issue to take his evidence, the fact being that he had settled as a religious ascetic in Bokhara, a country where, before the Russian advance, no man's life was worth twenty-four hours' purchase." One hundred and thirty cases have been withdrawn on grounds which the *Times* tersely enumerates as the disgust of the parties at the tardiness of justice, or their satisfaction at having procured the desired delay. We presume, however, that in this latter case the satisfaction must be confined to one side. Exactly

the same number have been added since the commencement of the legal year, on November 2. One hundred and fifty causes have been actually tried, though we presume that that number includes the cases which have been referred to arbitrators chosen by the parties at additional expense to the suitors, or sent to those official referees before whom it is said that scarcely anyone voluntarily appears. There remain to be tried at Westminster, where the Nisi Prius sittings were suspended last Saturday, about 700 causes, of which a sanguine person may suppose that 100 will be tried before Christmas. In that case about one-third of the cases set down for the Michaelmas sittings will have been heard during the period over which those sittings extend. At the Guildhall, where the sittings commenced on Monday, there is a list of 450 cases set down for hearing between that day and the Christmas holidays. Of these seventy are cases where commissions are required, and about the same number are actions against Mr. Grant, which the *Times* assumes will abide the event of the appeal in Twycross *v.* Grant, now pending in the House of Lords. Whether this be so or not—and we are unable to test the accuracy of the hypothesis—it is difficult to say how much public time and private money have been wasted by the persistence of Lord Coleridge in going through a process which the poverty of the English language compels us to call "trying" an undefended action. There are said to be no arrears in Banc.

Such is the condition of legal affairs which a reporter of the leading journal contemplates with approving equanimity. Suitors may perhaps be tempted to regard such a view, when taken from a professional standpoint, as adding insult to injury; and the public will, we imagine, be slow to acquiesce in what amounts to a practical denial of justice. It is of no use any longer to beat about the bush. More Judges are wanted, and more Judges must, at whatever cost, be appointed. Many and various are the efforts which have been made by the judicial staff now existing to keep abreast of their work, and they have all failed. Almost throughout the whole of the present sittings at Westminster, six Nisi Prius Courts have been working simultaneously at the reduction of the cause-list, with the success already described. This is itself an unprecedented phenomenon; and the partial effect given to the clause of the Judicature Act which provides that the Courts should sit contemporaneously at Westminster and in London, by the proposal to recommence sitting in the former place on the 12th instant without ceasing to sit in the latter, is more surprising still. But not more than three or four Judges can be spared at Westminster after that date, and what are they among so many arrears? No such efforts can avail, and recourse must be had to more drastic remedies. It is true that that great piece of legislation, which every lawyer admires and every pedant hates, the Judicature Act of 1873, has not been always favourably regarded by the occupants of the judicial Bench. Very little effect has been given to the provision enabling a Judge to sit by himself in Banc, and the Queen's Bench Division frequently presents the impressive—if unsatisfactory—spectacle of three Judges hearing cases not a whit more complicated than are left in another quarter to the unassisted wisdom of Vice-Chancellor Malins. But a reform of this kind would be but a feeble step in the right direction. "At a time," said the Lord Chief Baron last August, "when the legal business of the country has reached unparalleled dimensions, it has pleased the Legislature in its wisdom to reduce our number," by the elevation of Lord Justice Bramwell, Lord Justice Brett, and Sir Richard Amphlett to the Court of Appeal. Since then an additional Assize has been instituted, and with it new demands on judicial energy, as well as serious grumbling in commercial centres, which resent being entrusted to the tender mercies of the "splendid failures" whom the Government sends to act as commissioners, and much wrath in the breasts of prisoners who value the constitutional privilege of being tried by a "red Judge." It is said that the Lord Chancellor seriously apprehends a lowering of the judicial standard by the addition to the Bench of some half-dozen leading counsel. We will venture to say that it would not only be possible but abundantly easy to name six practising barristers who are at least equal in judicial capacity to the average of existing puisne Judges. But even if it were not so, there would be no other escape from the position. That our Judges should be sufficiently numerous is the one consideration which is more important than that they should maintain their present efficiency. The latter result is most urgently desirable, but the former is absolutely necessary. Moreover, it is notorious that the Courts of First Instance have been greatly weakened by the elevation of their ablest members to the Courts of Appeal; and the loss of such men as Lord Blackburn, Lord Justice Bramwell, and Lord Justice Brett is most grievously felt in the present accumulation of questions which press for decision. A little fresh blood would be a gain rather than a loss to the puisne Bench, where Mr. Justice Lush maintains almost alone the reputation of Buller and Parke, and Alderson and Willes. Nor is the economical objection, which may perhaps be urged by Mr. Gladstone, of any real validity. For, not to speak of the waste and commercial uneasiness caused by the protraction of disputes, and the facility given to harassing litigation by the uncertainty of justice, Vice-Chancellor Hall showed not long since that the fees of his Court were more than an equivalent for the salaries of himself and his clerks. We venture to say that if the Courts of First Instance did their work with the speed, regularity, and efficiency of the Courts of Appeal at Westminster and Lincoln's Inn, the gain to the public would be as much greater than the disbursement from the Treasury as the cost of an ironclad is greater than the cost of a Vice-Chancellor.

We have said nothing about Chancery, partly because the arrears therein are (shade of Eldon!) much less serious than those at Common Law, and partly because they are in some measure due to circumstances of too personal a nature to be adequately discussed in public. But Mr. Morgan showed, in a recent letter to the *Times*, that even on his side of Westminster Hall a new Judge was wanted; and it may at all events be hoped that the pitiful and beggarly cheeseparing which has left Mr. Justice Fry without chambers or a clerk will be abandoned amid the contempt which it has deservedly excited. Be that as it may, the public have a right to demand that their substantial interests shall not be sacrificed to an ideal of judicial capacity existing in the mind of the Lord Chancellor, and to insist that, if one young Conservative barrister can be made a Judge of Appeal, a few lawyers with large experience and miscellaneous politics should be raised to the puisne Bench.

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## THE INTERNAL TRADE OF INDIA.

The current number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains a paper by Mr. Cotton on a subject which ought not yet to have lost its popular interest. The writer, who until lately occupied an important post in the Bengal Secretariat, has brought his official knowledge to bear upon the answer to the sensational question, "Has India Food for its People?" The recent famine in Southern India, especially when viewed as one of a series of similar calamities, has naturally attracted attention to this subject. It would indeed be serious if the growth in the population under the protection of the Pax Britannica, combined with the increasing cultivation of miscellaneous crops for export, had so affected the available food-supply of India, that it cannot stand the occasional strain of a local scarcity. If that had been so, no energy in administration, no abundance of pecuniary resources, would have enabled the Government to alleviate the distress caused by the failure of the rainfall in two successive years. But fortunately we are in possession of sufficient facts to demonstrate that within the three corners of the peninsula there was always an adequate food-supply for the starving millions of Madras, provided only that the means of communication were ade-

quate. There is no reason to suppose that even at the present time, when an unprecedented calamity has stimulated private trade to an extent equally unprecedented, that the stocks of grain in Bengal, Northern India, and Burmah are by any means exhausted. It is noticeable, also, as Mr. Cotton points out, that, in the face of the increased local demand, the exports of wheat from India to the United Kingdom have not suffered any diminution, but on the contrary have continued to increase. The truth is that India is a country which, in the boundless variety of her natural advantages, may be likened to a continent self-sufficient for all her own wants. Though her annals record many droughts, and though in recent years these droughts seem to be recurring with increased rapidity, yet experience furnishes no example of a single famine affecting the whole length and breadth of the land. The soil is so fertile and the rainfall so regulated, that the cultivators are nowhere dependent upon the yield of a single harvest; while the area of the country is so vast, and the circumstances of the several provinces so different, that the surplus crops of one region are always available to supplement the deficiencies of another. But even when all this is granted, the great difficulty remains which has been pressing with such severity on the Madras officials—how to equalise the supply with the demand, and bring the grain to the mouths of the starving. If internal trade were sufficiently developed, this problem would solve itself, just as the cornfields of the Western States and of California are made tributary to supply the deficiencies of a harvest in England. But in many parts of India the staff and the machinery of commerce do not exist; and above all, the grooves are not made along which the wheels of traffic may run. To stir up the spirit of trade, and to provide improved means of communication, are two of the measures which it is easy for us to adopt, and which, if adopted, would in the future go far towards taking the edge off the calamity of drought. Irrigation is not everywhere possible; and even where it is possible, it would afford no absolute guarantee against a local failure of the crops. It is only an active trade, moving readily along railways, rivers, and roads, that can effectually prevent such a failure from ever intensifying into famine.

An official report recently published at Calcutta on "The Internal Trade of Bengal" affords very instructive information on the state of local commerce in that province. It is a large volume of several hundred pages of letter-press and tables, and it professes to give statistics showing the amount and value of the exports and imports of every district into which the Province is divided during the official year 1876–77. The figures are based upon an elaborate system of registration carried out on all the rivers of Bengal, which constitute the main channels of heavy traffic, as well as upon returns furnished by the railway and steamship companies. This is the first time that such a mass of materials has ever been collected, and though no doubt there must be many errors affecting the individual items, it appears that the general totals may be accepted as fairly reliable. We propose to take the figures for the town of Calcutta, and to follow some of the more important items into the interior. The total importation into Calcutta during the year, excluding opium, was valued at more than 26 millions sterling, of which 10 millions came by country boat. The chief items are—rice, valued at 3½ millions; linseed and mustard-seed, 3 millions together; tea, nearly 3 millions; indigo and jute, nearly 2½ millions each; wheat and raw silk, more than 1 million each. The exports from Calcutta into the interior were valued at 19½ millions sterling, of which only 4¼ millions were sent by country boats. By far the largest items are — European piece-goods, valued at 10½ millions; salt, nearly 3½ millions; iron and other metals, nearly 1½ millions; European twist and yarn, more than 1 million. These figures show fairly enough the general character of the trade of India, viz., the interchange of agricultural produce for the cotton cloth, the hardware, and the salt of the United Kingdom. They also indicate the general balance of foreign trade in favour of Calcutta, and so far are corroborated independently by the Custom House returns. It is more interesting to select some staple commodity, such as jute, and trace it back to the producing districts. During the year under notice, 8,303,913 maunds, or about six million hundredweights, of jute were imported into Calcutta, of which nearly one-half was carried in country boats. The great jute-producing tract is in Eastern Bengal, occupying the lower valley of the Brahmaputra. The largest total of jute exported from a single district came from Mymensingh, which sent 1,915,000 maunds, valued at 576,000*l.* In return, Mymensingh received piece-goods, valued at 195,000*l.*, and salt valued at 174,000*l.* The mart of Serajgunge is the largest centre of the jute trade in the interior, to which the fibre is brought from the surrounding country, to be re-exported to Calcutta. The exports of jute from Serajgunge were 2,021,000 maunds, valued at 606,000*l.*; and the same place imported 264,000*l.* of piece-goods, and 263,000*l.* of salt, for distribution among the neighbouring districts. These figures may not be entirely accurate, but they broadly teach the instructive lesson which *à priori* reasoning sometimes fails to drive home, that export and import trades mutually stimulate one another, and that when once a channel of traffic is opened the entire community reaps the benefit. This truth may be still further enforced by two more examples—one taken from the rice trade, the other from the trade in wheat. The foremost rice-producing district in Bengal is Backergunge, which lies low down in the delta formed by the junction of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra. It is described as one continuous paddy-field, in which the harvest has never been known to fail. During the year 1876–77 this district exported 3,640,000 maunds, or about 2,600,000 cwt. of rice, valued at 728,000*l.*; and received in exchange 116,720*l.* of piece-goods, 152,900*l.* of salt, and 207,000*l.* of sugar. And yet the sea-board of Backergunge had been swept by the disastrous cyclone and stormwave of November 1, 1876. What is known at Mark Lane as "Calcutta Club wheat" is chiefly the produce of the upper valley of the Ganges, in the neighbourhood of Oude, which has at present to be dispatched about 700 miles by rail before it reaches its port of shipment. The great central mart, where the consignments by road are collected and transferred to the railway, is Cawnpore, which sent down to Calcutta in the year under notice, 2,057,000 maunds, or about 1,470,000 cwt. of wheat, valued at 411,000*l.* During the same twelve-months, the railway brought up to Cawnpore European piece-goods valued at 1,228,000*l.*

The report from which we have taken these figures supplies details that would enable us to follow the activity of local trade down to the smallest bazaars. But space will only permit of our showing, by another appeal to large totals, how vast are the undeveloped resources of Bengal, and how easy it is to call them into activity by stimulating the demand. It is well known that the dealings in jute between Great Britain and India are a creation of the past twenty years. The annual value of the jute exported from Calcutta now averages about three millions sterling. But the interesting feature of this trade is that it has only indirectly been summoned into existence by European capital. Jute is not grown under European supervision, like indigo, tea, or coffee, nor do the profits of the cultivation find their way into the pockets of strangers. As soon as the value of the fibre was established in the British market, the peasantry of Eastern Bengal, who are mostly Mahommedans by religion, were quick enough to discern their own pecuniary interests. They immediately placed more of their lands under jute, without any solicitation from the Government or from English merchants, and they still continue to increase or diminish the area under this crop year by year according to the state of the Dundee market. Their intelligence has reaped its due reward. The present Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has publicly stated his belief that they "are now as prosperous, as independent, and as comfortable as any peasantry in the world." Development of trade must produce the

same results in other parts of the country, and there is abundant evidence that trade is steadily developing. During the five years ending in 1875–76 the average export of rice from Calcutta was about 5,000,000 cwt. In the year 1876–77 the exports suddenly rose to more than 13,000,000 cwt., under the influence of the famine prices ruling at Madras and Bombay. The growth of the wheat trade is yet more remarkable, as not being disturbed by any abnormal incident. In January, 1873, the export duty on wheat was abolished. In the official year 1873–74 the exports from Calcutta were 490,000 cwt.; by 1875–76 they had risen to 1,330,000 cwt.; and by 1876–77 to 3,871,114 cwt. During the first five months only of the present year the exports have been 3,746,411 cwt., while the increase in value has been just threefold over the corresponding period of the previous year. The meaning of statistics of this kind cannot be misinterpreted. They are the counterpart of the increased traffic-receipts on the Indian railways, which have lately attracted notice. They illustrate in a definite form the inexhaustible productiveness of the country, which yet remains to be opened out. It is hardly going too far to say that, quite independently of any vicissitudes of the season, the facts shown guarantee Bengal against the extremity of famine. Unfortunately, in the stricken province of Madras, there are but few great staples of export, and the whole line of sea-board is inhospitable to ships. Means of internal communication, also, are deficient, and there are no cheap water-ways for heavy traffic. But the example of Bengal, and the help she has been able to lend at this crisis, indicate the one permanent means by which India can be rendered able to supply all her own wants, as well as to utilise for that purpose her surplus production.

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## THE THEOLOGY OF FREEMASONRY.

Freemasons, especially English Freemasons, are at this moment very sorely agitated. Freemasonry, it seems, is "passing through a crisis"—so at least the Freemasonic journals assure us—almost as serious as that which threatened it when Lord Ripon resigned the Grand Mastership of England. His Lordship, it may be remembered, became, a few years ago, a Roman Catholic, very much to the astonishment of the general public; and at the same time that his conversion was made known, it was also announced that, inasmuch as Freemasons lie under the anathema of the holy Roman Catholic Church, he felt that he could not conscientiously remain a member of the Order. People generally were much distressed that an English marquis should abjure the faith of his fathers. Freemasons in particular did not like to lose their Grand Master. We ventured to point out at the time that, in our humble judgment, neither calamity was irreparable. We suggested that a man who will waste in idle ritual and absurd ceremonies the amount of time necessary to qualify him to become Grand Master of England, is exactly the kind of person who would be likely to become a Roman Catholic at a moment's notice. The follies that are gone through in "lodge;" the vestments; the forms; the posturings; the elaborate litanies, with answers and responses in which everybody has to take his part, from the Master down to the Outer Guard, and in which we believe the refrain, "So mote it be," does duty for "Lord have mercy upon us;" these and other such mummeries are all that Freemasonry really has to teach; and the man who will seriously spend his time on such folly, who will learn these long rigmaroles by heart, and will dress himself up in all kinds of ludicrous stage properties for their rehearsal, is not likely to be either a loss to the faith which he abandons or an acquisition to that which he joins. Similarly, as we predicted, Freemasonry did not suffer much by the retirement of Lord Ripon from the Grand Master's chair. The Freemasons met together, and solemnly resolved that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was the fittest person to be Grand Master of England in Lord Ripon's place, and accordingly His Royal Highness was solemnly installed in the Albert Hall. Nobody present had much idea of what was going on, but the Prince had an oath or two administered to him, and the Masons ejaculated in chorus, "So mote it be," and the big organ was played, and everybody felt that somehow the cause of Freemasonry had vastly benefited. Since then the craft has had a happy time of it, until the present disturbance has broken its peaceful rest.

It seems that the Grand Orient—which is the Grand Lodge of France—has passed a resolution by which, in effect, an infidel is capable of being admitted a Freemason. To this "melancholy fact" Lord Carnarvon, Pro-Grand Master of England, solemnly called the attention of the Grand Lodge on Wednesday evening last. Freemasons' Tavern, we learn, was crowded with "a brilliant company." Lord Carnarvon took the chair in the unavoidable absence of the Prince of Wales, in whose name notice had been given that "the Grand Master in the Chair would call attention to the recent changes in the principles of Freemasonry, made by the Grand Orient of France, in eliminating from the preliminary declarations the declaration to Almighty God." His Lordship was supported by Lord Limerick Past-Grand Master, Lord Tenterden Senior Warden, and Brothers Lord Donoughmore, Sir Albert Woods, General Brownrigg, Æneas M'Intyre, and Erasmus Wilson. The first business was the investiture, by the order of His Royal Highness the Grand Master, of Brother the Reverend A. Pickard as Junior Grand Chaplain. This solemn recognition of the Christian faith having been duly accomplished, Lord Carnarvon called the attention of the Brothers present to a matter which, as he said, "affected the highest principles of the craft, and had stirred Freemasonry throughout the whole of the country." "The cardinal principle by which French Freemasonry had up to that time been ruled, ran in these terms—'Freemasonry has for its principle belief in the existence of a God, the immortality of the soul, and the *solidarité* of man.' This declaratory principle, the Grand Orient of France has altered by striking out the words expressing belief in the existence of God and in the immortality of the soul." Now, in Lord Carnarvon's view, it is essential to a Freemason that he should believe, if not in the immortality of the soul, at any rate in the existence of a God; and although the controversy is, in his Lordship's judgment, "a painful one," he yet thinks that English Freemasons, and especially the members of the Grand Lodge of England, which is "the mother lodge of the world," owe it to themselves to "enter a protest" against this sad demoralisation of the order. He accordingly moved, in behalf of the Prince of Wales, "that a committee should be appointed to inquire and report upon the subject." The committee is to consist of Lord Carnarvon himself, together with Lords Skelmersdale, Leigh, Donoughmore, and Tenterden. Brother Pickard, the newly-invested Junior Grand Chaplain, was not included, which, when it is considered that he was present, is perhaps hardly courteous to his cloth. We have no doubt, however, that Lords Carnarvon, Skelmersdale, Leigh, Donoughmore, and Tenterden are perfectly competent to "consider" this "painful subject," and even to "report on" it. It involves, of course, the momentous and painful question whether the Grand Lodge of England, in virtue of its functions as the mother lodge of the world, is or is not to excommunicate the Grand Orient of France, and the further and still more painful question whether, if it is so excommunicated, the Grand Orient of France will be any the worse. The Pope, as we know, has publicly cursed Freemasons of all kinds on many occasions, and in the most solemn manner; but no visible judgment has yet followed the denunciations of His Holiness, and we may reasonably doubt whether any "report," even although it be drawn up by five noblemen as eminent as are those selected for this painful task, will have very much more effect than the Papal curse.

Upon the whole, it is a pity that Freemasons, who are an estimable and amiable body of men, should vex themselves with such difficult questions as the immortality of the soul and the existence of a Supreme Being.

Freemasonry is, in reality, a club, and it is a club which endeavours to increase its prestige, importance, and influence by a certain amount of mock mystery. No one for a moment supposes that the ridiculous formalities which are gone through in lodges are at all essential or vital to Freemasonry. What keeps a Freemasonic lodge together is simply the good understanding that exists between its members. They dine together a certain number of days in the year, and they invite other lodges to dine with them, and when a brother Mason is in distress a "whip" is made for him, and the Order also subscribes liberally to schools, and almshouses, and other such charitable objects. Beyond this, Masonry is nothing more or less than a solemn farce, and there is something almost preposterous in the idea of the Masons of England meeting in conclave, and gravely considering what is to be done with the Masons of France, because the latter have come to the conclusion that a man can be a good Mason without swearing to his belief in the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. Lord Carnarvon, of course, drew a terrible picture of the consequences which would result if such "laxity of belief" were once allowed to "infect the Order." His oration was very much in the style of those which used to be periodically delivered in the House of Commons in opposition to the Universities' Tests Bill. If, it used solemnly to be argued, you allowed an undergraduate to enter Oxford or Cambridge without signing the Thirty-nine Articles, the end of things would be immediately imminent. The only way to meet such folly is that once adopted by Mr. Justice Maule, who commenced a very celebrated judgment with the words: "We have been told that if we allow this special demurrer to be over-ruled the pillars of the Constitution will be shaken. This is an argument with which I do not concur, and which I do not think the Court need seriously entertain." It matters very little, either to the world at large or to Freemasons themselves, whether infidels, or persons who, without being infidels, yet do not choose to dogmatically pledge themselves to the immortality of the soul and the existence of God, are or are not excluded from the pale of Freemasonry. They would probably, if admitted, make very estimable Masons. It is also probable that they will not very much regret their exclusion. But, for the majority of its members, it is a somewhat serious matter that the Grand Lodge of England should make itself ludicrous; and this, in our opinion, it does when it refers a vexed question of theology, on which the most eminent philosophers have been, and probably always will be, divided, to a committee of five noblemen, of whom we may venture to predict, with all respect, that their united theological knowledge is probably not equal to that of Lord Ripon himself. The craft had better by far confine itself to dinners and almsgiving, and rest content to leave theology to His Holiness the Pope, and to those other theological disputants who have of late shown a disposition to unwarrantably engross public attention with their own wretched disputes.

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## THE VICE OF TALKING SHOP.

It is very wrong to talk shop. That is one of society's most venerated precepts, even if—not wholly unlike most venerated precepts in higher codes of morality—it is one of the least obeyed. Not to know it is not to know the rudimentary "my duty towards my neighbour" of social religion. And to enforce it—as occasion may require, of course—must be the duty of every self-respecting diner-out. For if you fall among shop-talkers whose shop is not yours you may get thrown into the background. The predicament is serious; it is not only that you may be prevented from taking part in the conversation with your accustomed excellence, but that you may have to hold your tongue altogether; and, in spite of the many compliments paid to silence by the many sages who have wished to do all the talking themselves, people are apt to assume that when a man says nothing in company it is because he can find nothing to say. And at any rate no one likes to play the part of the mummy at an Egyptian banquet, to be the blank guest whose silence conveys a protest against the whole proceedings and concerning whom the other guests must needs feel that the best they can do with him is to let him alone. He who finds himself in such a pass will no more doubt that it is a vice to talk shop than he would doubt that it is a vice not to pay one's debts if somebody else persevered in owing him an inconveniently large sum of money.

And yet there is something to be said on behalf of shop. The rule of society no doubt is that we should talk of what we do not know rather than of what we do know; still there are many men, and perhaps some women, who are absolutely unable to obey the rule—except negatively, by not talking of anything. Women who mix at all with the world readily acquire the knack of talking companionably of what they know nothing about—a great many women indeed seem less to acquire it than to have it as a birthright; obedience to the rule sits upon them as easily and as fitly as the furbelows and gauzes in which a man would find himself like a fly in a cobweb. Therefore women, even women with specialities, rarely talk shop. In fact, partly under the dread of those fatal adjectives "blue," "gushing," "strong-minded," and partly from a sort of mental prudery—one which has its good side but also its bad—which objects, as it were, to the real woman being too accurately scanned, they more usually shrink from any discussion of subjects in which they feel a close interest. But there is a large tale of men who never arrive at being able to talk on subjects about which they have neither information nor concern; and the question is, whether in their case it is not worth while to relax the stringency of the rule.

Suppose a man's shop has so engrossed him that it really is the only thing he knows or cares about. He is not uneducated, perhaps not even narrow-minded, but his intellect is not of the much-embracing order, and his profession or his purpose has so absorbed his intellectual sympathies that, just as if he were some great artist, all he sees and learns gets somehow dovetailed into the one theme of his life. Whenever circumstances have led to a man's occupying his time and his thoughts in one especial manner with any sort of zeal, he will unconsciously acquire such a readiness in detecting everything that has the remotest affinity to his paramount topic that it can never be quite out of his memory. There will always be the temptation to get back to it—set him down where you will, some byway brings him back into the familiar highway. Cleverness will not place him out of risk. Indeed, the cleverer he is, the more likely he is to become, to this extent, the slave of his shop. This is not meant of the man of genius, of course, the many-sided man, but of the busy practical man of common life. Say that he is of more than average intellect, that he has talent and, still better, a wise and honest love for his science, his art, or whatever may be the name of his work, he will be at a disadvantage as compared with the man who, failing either in the ability or in the energy necessary for concentration, has been enabled to learn a little plausible ignorance on a good many topics of general interest. Now over-concentration may be damaging to the balance of his mind, and without doubt concentration which is in other respects not over-concentration is detrimental to him as a conversationalist, lessening the superficies over which his tongue can travel. But, since the poor fellow is so ill off that there is only one class of topics on which he can enter readily, may there not be something gained for his associates as well as for him in letting him go his own way? If one found oneself in the company of the philosopher who has concentrated his life on the dative case, it might be better to put him to discourse on the dative case than to elicit his dullness on the weather. One might not succeed in achieving even a temporary sympathy with his fervour, but one would at least have learned something about the dative case. And a man must be very stupid indeed—or else his listener is very stupid indeed—who can talk freely and earnestly on a subject which

thoroughly interests him without the listener's becoming interested, if not in the subject, at least in the interest it has for its exponent. Nor need the listener's interest be lessened, surely, if he is hearing several men skilled and eager in some special pursuit talking with each other, instead of only one such man talking with him.

But the truth is that the sense of exclusion which everyone has at some time or other felt, and in creating which the real wrong of shop-talking lies, has little to do with the subjects handled. The offence is caused by the offenders' want of tact, or rather want of that sympathetic perception which is the reality of good manners. They do not put themselves in the position of the outsider and remember to—as the good old phrase has it—"take him along with them." If the majority of talkers ignore this duty of fellowship towards the minority, the result is similar whether the conversation runs upon technicalities or is of the simplest form of minor gossip; and, on the whole, it is less tedious to have one's ears filled with craftsman terms and professional jokes of which one misses half the point than with, as so often happens to the luckless alien inveigled into a gathering of intimate neighbours and Christian names, unexplanatory information on unexplained private histories, and confidential epigrams in which one has no chance of detecting any point at all. There is no subject so simple or so general that it may not be made shop, in the offensive sense, by being made intimate in the presence of the unintimate.

The test seems to be the amount of silence the theme of the majority, or their treatment of it, compels upon the minority. If the talk be such that the outsiders take their fair share in it, or even that they listen with animation and not merely with the submission of conscientiously civil smiling, it is not shop in any bad sense let it bristle never so much with technicalities and guild gossip: if the talk be so contrived as to present to the outsiders a series of riddles if they try to follow it and a mere maze of chatter and reply if they take it as it comes, it is shop in its worst viciousness, even if it is on the most everyday subjects conceivable. May that sin be far from us! Still more may it be far from all our acquaintance, and from their acquaintances whom we may have to meet! But if talking shop is to mean, as people in general seem to take it, a man's talking most about the thing he knows most, then the vice does not seem so unmistakeable but that it might at times pass itself off for a very decent-looking sort of virtue.

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## ACCENT AND RHYTHM.

Although most people have a tolerably definite idea of the meaning of the word "rhythm" as applied to language, yet the word "accent" is so loosely used that to make clear the definition of "rhythm" which we propose—that is, symmetrical accent—it may be necessary to point out the distinction between accent and pronunciation, with which it is so often confounded. Accent and pronunciation are two totally different things, and both must be correctly acquired before we can get such control over any language that our speech shall resemble that of a native of the country where that language is spoken. Pronunciation is almost entirely a question of musical character or *timbre* in the vowel sounds. Helmholtz has shown that the difference between the vowel sounds is due to a mixture of different harmonics of various intensities with the fundamental note on which the particular vowel-sound is pronounced. And it is exactly this difference of the harmonics which accompany it which enables us to perceive a difference of character or *timbre* in the same note when it is played upon different instruments.

But no one can hope to speak a foreign language "like a native" by pronunciation alone. A person might be able to exactly reproduce every sound used in a language, and yet be utterly unable to speak a single sentence intelligibly if he had not acquired the proper accent. This accent depends first of all on laying a stress more or less strong on certain syllables in certain words, and this resembles that part of musical accent which depends on the beats of the bar. It also depends on the sequence of notes produced in speaking a sentence, the length given to them, and the stress laid upon particular words in the sentence. This is analogous to melody in music and that part of musical accent which depends upon phrasing.

Of such value is accent in giving character to a language, that it is no uncommon thing to find persons of delicate ear who are able to imitate languages of which they are quite ignorant, that is to say, who can talk absolute gibberish with such an accent that it gives the ear exactly the impression of hearing some person talking the language imitated, although no words are heard. Much has been done of late years in the scientific investigation of speech, both by Helmholtz in Germany, and by Bell in America, as well as by others who have followed up their labours. But this important question of accent has been left almost untouched until quite lately, when it has been investigated with much success by a young French Orientalist, M. Stan. Guyard, who has communicated his results to the Société Asiatique, in some remarkable papers which are published in the *Journal Asiatique*, under the title, "Théorie Nouvelle de la Métrique Arabe précédée de Considérations Générales sur le Rythme Naturel du Langage," which have been considered of such importance that the Society has republished them in the form of a *tirage à part*. M. Guyard's object has been, as may be gathered from the title of his paper, to discover some notation by which Arabic metres can be expressed intelligibly. In trying to attain this he has been led to consider the rhythm, and hence the accent of languages in general. By the help of minute observations of the methods of pronouncing the redoubled consonants, and by the discovery, as we may almost say, of what he calls the *résonnance buccale*, which is a faint musical note or vowel-sound heard after a terminal consonant, M. Guyard seeks to demonstrate that all verse is composed of bars either of $\frac{3}{4}$ or common time, and that the rhythmical accent is by this convention identical with the beats of the bar. He also demonstrates that the old notation of "longs and shorts" is not satisfactory for any language, and is utterly useless for representing the different metres of Arabic verse. He endeavours to show that the ordinary musical time notation answers prosodical purposes much better than the old notation, and may be further developed so as to give the tonic accent or melody to which the words should be spoken. This development lends itself most especially to Arabic verse, in the reading of which the "sing-song" style, so much objected to in Europe, is not only tolerated but considered necessary, each metre being chanted to a peculiar series of notes, which, in some cases, is so elaborate as almost to form an air. The later portions of this work, which are devoted to the minute investigation of the various forms of Arabic verse, and to the explanation of a notation of time, or accent invented by the author, are of course only of interest to advanced Orientalists, but the earlier part which deals with rhythm and accent in general is not only so interesting in itself, but so suggestive that everyone, be he Orientalist or not, who is interested in the art of speech, should read it most carefully.

The line of thought and the application of the ideas of musical time and accent to speech are, so far as we know, original, and we believe may lead to great results. The whole subject is one well worthy the attention of those who write words to music, and of those who write music to words. The result of such study might be that we should not have our ears so often offended as they now are by the musical accent falling in one place, and the speaking accent of the words in another, and even, in some cases, by hearing singers compelled to emphasise the wrong syllables of words in order to make them correspond with the music. Great poets like Shakespeare may be allowed to force us to say "cómplete steel," &c.; but minor poets and modern composers of drawing-room ballads cannot be allowed to take the same liberties.

## POETRY.

### TWO SIBYLS.

RONDEAU.

The wild *D. T.* is full of care;
She sniffs destruction in the air,
  And in white linen sweetly raves
  Of knouts, and Emperors, and slaves;
While in white satin, rich and rare,
The *Post*, with ladylike despair,
  The Union Jack serenely waves:
  She has an eye on Bull and Bear,
    The wild *D. T.*

Can Inspiration have a share,
Apollo, in the din and blare?
  Tyrtaeo-Telegraphic staves,
  And talk of "brigands," and their caves?
This style was always apt to snare
The wild *D. T.!*

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

*BY WILLIAM BLACK,*

*Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.*

### CHAPTER XLIX.

IN SOCIETY.

FIVE in the morning—pitch darkness all around the station—a clear starlit sky—the flashing belt and sword of Orion almost right overhead. We had our breakfast of bread and apples in the great, empty saloon; then we went out on to the platform, wondering when the Cyclops eye of the train would come flaring through the dark. For now we were within a few hours' journey of the point to which those messages were to be directed which would finally set at rest one or two grave problems; and there was a good deal of nervousness visible among our women-folk when we touched on these probabilities. But Lady Sylvia showed no nervousness at all. She was eager, buoyant, confidant. She was clearly not afraid of any telegram or letter that might be awaiting her at Denver. Nay, when her friends, shivering in the cold and darkness of the early morning, were complaining of the railway arrangements that compelled us to get up at such an hour, she made light of the matter, and showed how as we went south we should have the beautiful spectacle of the sunrise breaking on the Rocky Mountains.

At length the train came along, and we got into the warm carriage, in which the conductor was engaged in cramming a blazing stove with still further blocks of wood. Very soon we were away from the scattered shanties of Cheyenne—out on the lone prairie-land that was to be our Bell's future home. And as we sate and silently looked out of the windows, watching a pale glow arise in the east, and trying to make out something on the dark plains below, suddenly we caught sight of some flashing lights of red and yellow. These were the breakfast fires of some travellers camping out—probably miners or traders making for the Black Hills with a train of waggons and oxen. The light in the east increased; and then we saw all along the western horizon the great wall of the Rocky Mountains become visible in a stream of colour—the peaks the faintest rose, the shadowy bulk below a light, transparent, beautiful blue. The morning came on apace, the silvery greys of the east yielding to a glowing saffron. There seemed to be no mists lying on these high plains; for, as the sun rose, we could see an immense distance over the yellow prairie-land. And the first objects we perceived in this lonely desert of grass were a number of antelopes quietly grazing within rifle-range of the railway-line, taking no heed whatever, though occasionally one of the more timid would trot off on its spider-like legs to a safer distance. Bell began to laugh. She saw the misery of her husband's face.

"Ah, well, said he," with a sigh. "I suppose if the train were to stop, and you went down with a gun, they would be away like lightning. *But a time will come*; and your husband, Lady Sylvia, will be with me to help me, I hope."

There was certainly no misery on Lady Sylvia's face; now that the brilliant light of the new day filled the carriage. Was this the pale, sad soul who had come away from England with us, out of sorts with the world, and almost aweary of her life? There was a colour in her cheeks that nearly rivalled Bell's apple-blossom tints. There was an unusual gladness in her eyes this morning that we could not at first account for; but she let the secret out; she had been making elaborate calculations. The telegram she received at Omaha from Queenstown had been waiting for her two days before she got it. Then, taking into account the number of days we stayed at Omaha and the leisurely fashion in which we had come across the plains, there was at least a chance—so she proved to herself—that her husband might at that very moment be landing at one of the New York wharves. It all depended on the steamer. Who knew anything about that steamer? Notoriously it belonged to the fastest of all the lines. Was it possible, then, that as we were chatting and laughing in this railway-carriage on the Colorado prairies, Balfour might be on the same continent with us? You could almost have imagined that his stepping ashore had communicated some strange magnetic thrill to his wife's heart.

"We are getting near to Greeley now," said Queen T. to her friend Bell, looking rather eagerly out of the window.

"Yes," said the practical lieutenant, "and we shall have twenty minutes there for a real breakfast. An apple and a bit of bread is not enough, if you are travelling in Colorado air."

But I do not think it was altogether the breakfast—though that, as it turned out, was excellent—that led us to look out with unusual interest for this little township set far among the western plains; there were other reasons, which need not be mentioned here. And indeed we have the most pleasant memories of Greeley, as it shone there in the early sunlight. We walked up the broad main thoroughfare, with its twin rows of cotton wood trees; and no doubt the empty street gained something from the fact that the end of it seemed closed in by the pale blue line of the Rocky Mountains, the peaks here and there glittering with snow. A bright, clean, thriving-looking place, with its handsome red-brick schoolhouse and its capacious white church; while many of the shanties about had pleasant little gardens attached, watered by small irrigation-canals from the Cache-la-poudre river. As we were passing one of those tiny streams a great heron rose slowly into the air, his heavy wings flapping, his legs hanging down; but a large hawk, crossing a field beyond, took no notice of him; and we were disappointed of a bit of extempore falconry. We had only a look at the public park, which is as yet mostly a wilderness of underwood, and a glimpse at the pretty villas beyond; in fact, our explorations nearly lost us our train. As we think of Greeley now—here in England in the depth of winter—it shines for us still in the light of the summer morning, and the trees and fields are green around it.

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

and the mountains are blue under the blue of the sky. May it shine and flourish for ever!

It is most unfair of the Americans to speak slightingly of Denver. It is a highly respectable city. We were quite astounded, on our first entrance, by the number of people who appeared in black coats and tall hats; and the longer we stayed in the place the more we were impressed by the fashion in which the Denverites had removed the old stains from their reputation by building churches. They have advanced much further in the paths of civilization than the slow-moving cities of the East. In New York or Boston hotels the servants merely claim a free-and-easy equality with the guests; in Denver they have got far beyond that. The wines are such triumphs of skilful invention as no city in the world can produce. And then, when one goes into the streets (to escape from the beetles in one's bedroom) the eye is charmed by the variety of nationalities everywhere visible. A smart Mexican rides by, with gaily decorated saddle, on his long-tailed pony. Chinese women hobble on their small shoes into an ironmongery-shop. The adjoining saloon is called "Zur goldenen Traube;" and at the door of it a red-haired Irishwoman is stormily quarrelling with an angry but silent and sulky negress. Over this seething admixture of population dwell the twelve patrician families of Denver—shining apart like stars in a silent heaven of their own. We were not permitted to gaze upon anyone of these—unless—unless? Those two people who stood on the steps of the hotel after dinner? They were distinguished-looking persons; and much be-diamonded. The lady wore beautiful colours; and the red-faced gentleman had a splendid gold chain round his neck; and thus—so far as we could make out—they spake:—

"Jim," said the lady, "don't you remember that hop of Steve Bellerjean's, that he giv after he run away wi' Dan Niggles's gal—to make up all around, when he found pay-gravel, and married the gal?"

"No," said the other, reflectively, "I disremember."

"Well, that woman in yaller fixins, that stared at me all dinner, I could swear was Steve's woman."

"But Steve run away from her," said the gentleman, who seemed to remember some things, if not the hop. "She didn't pan out well. Tried to put a head on him with a revolver—jealousy, and rum. Steve went to Sonora; tried to bust the Government; and the greasers ketched him with a lariat, and his chips were passed in."

The gentleman in the gold chain had suddenly grown melancholy.

"Yes; Steve's chips were called," chimed in his spouse.

"That's what's the matter with all of us," continued her companion, in a sad tone. "That's what no fifteenth amendment can stop—the chips must be paid. That's what I told the boys down at Gridiron Bend, when I giv my experiences, and jined the church, and Euchre-Deck Billy heaved that rock into the christenin-place; sez I, 'Boys,' sez I, 'life gen'rally begins with a square deal, leastways outside the idiot asylum. 'Cordin as you play your hand, will the promises be kep'. Sure enough, some has aces, and some not, and that's luck; and four aces any day is as good a hand as the ten commandments. With four aces, I'd buck agin the Devil. But we don't have four aces in the first deal, unless mebbe the Czar of Russia or the Prince of Wales or some of them chaps; and so life and religion is pretty much as we play the hand we've got."

The lady seemed to put another aspect on these moral truths.

"Hosea Kemp," said she, practically, "that pig-skinned Mormon fraud, diskivered that when you raised him ten thousand, and raked in his pile; and he had a full, and you were only king high."

"That was before I knowed better, and I hadn't seen the vanities," said the repentant sinner. "But when I played, I played my hand for all that it was worth; and that's what's the matter with me. You kent fool away your hand and keep the chips—and that's what you find in the commandments. That's the idee." What the idea was we were rather at a loss to discover; but we were not exactly in search of conundrums at this moment.

Indeed, our arrival at Denver had put an end for the time being to our idling and day-dreaming. First of all there were the letters (there were no telegrams for anyone, so we imagined that Balfour had not yet reached New York), and in the general selfishness of each seizing his or her own packet no one noticed the expression with which Lady Sylvia broke open the only envelope addressed to her. There was a turmoil of news from home—mostly of a domestic and trivial nature, but none the less of tremendous importance to the two mothers. And when they turned to Lady Sylvia, she was sitting there quite calm and undisturbed, without any trace of disappointment on her face.

"So Mr. Balfour has not reached New York yet," said Queen T., in her gentle way.

"I suppose not," was the answer. "I was calculating on the very shortest time possible. This letter was written some time before he left England—it is only about business affairs."

It was not until that evening that Lady Sylvia communicated the contents of this letter to her friend; and she did so without complaint as to the cold and formal manner in which her husband had written. Doubtless, she said, he was perfectly right. She had left him of her own accord; she deserved to be treated as a stranger. But the prompt answer to her message to him convinced her—this she said with a happy confidence in her eyes—of the spirit in which he was now coming out to her; and if, when he came out here, she had only five minutes given to her to tell him—— But the present writer refuses to reveal further the secrets that passed between these two women.

In fact, he would probably never have known, but that at this juncture he was privately appealed to for advice. And if, in the course of this faithful narrative, he has endeavoured as far as possible to keep himself in the background, and to be the mere mouthpiece and reporter of the party, that *rôle* must be abandoned for a moment. He must explain that he now found himself in a position of some difficulty. Balfour had written out to Lady Sylvia informing her of the collapse of his father's firm. It was hopeless, he said, to think of the firm resuming business; the trade that had made his father's fortune was played out. In these circumstances he considered himself bound to give up everything he possessed to his creditors; and he wished to know whether she, Lady Sylvia, would feel disposed to surrender in like manner the 50,000*l.* settled on her before her marriage. He pointed out to her that she was not legally bound to do so; and that it was a very doubtful question whether she was morally bound; it was a matter for her private feeling. If she felt inclined to give up the money, he would endeavour to gain her father's consent. But he thought that would be difficult, unless she also would join in persuading him; and she might point out that, if he refused, she could in any case pay over the annual interest of the sum. He hoped she was well; and there an end.

Now, if Lady Sylvia had had a bank-note for 50,000*l.* in her pocket, she would have handed it over with a glad heart. She never doubted for a moment that she ought to pay ove the money—especially as she now knew that it was her hus-

band's wish; but this reference to her father rather bewildered her, and so she indirectly appealed for counsel.

Now, how was it possible to explain to this gentle creature that the principle on which an ante-nuptial settlement is based is that the wife is literally purchased for a sum of money; and that it is the bounden duty of the trustees to see that this purchase-money shall not be inveigled away from her in any manner whatever? How was it possible to point out to her that she might have children; and that her husband and father were alike bound by their duties as trustees not to let her defraud these helpless things of the future? Nay, more: it would be necessary to tell her that these hypothetical young people might marry; and that, however they might love their mamma, papa, and grandpapa, some cantankerous son-in-law could suddenly come down on the papa and grandpapa and compel them to make good that money which they had allowed, in defiance of their trust, to be dissipated in an act of Quixotic sacrifice.

"I always thought the law was idiotic," says Queen T.

"The law in this case is especially devoted to the protection of women, who are not supposed to be able to take care of themselves."

"Do you mean to say that if Lady Sylvia, to whom the money belongs, wishes to give it up, she cannot give it up?"

"It does not belong to her; it belongs to Balfour and Lord Willowby, in trust for her; and they dare not give it up, except at their own risk. What Balfour meant by making himself a trustee can only be imagined; but he is a shrewd fellow."

"And so she cannot give up the money? Surely that is a strange thing—that one is not allowed to defraud one's self?"

"You can defraud yourself as much as you like. If she chooses, she can pay over the 2,000*l.* a year, or whatever it is, to Balfour's creditors; but if she surrendered the original sum, she would be defrauding her children: do you see that? Or does your frantic anxiety to let a woman fling away a fortune that is legally hers blind you to everything?"

"I don't see that her children, if she has any," says this tiny but heroic champion of strict morality, "would benefit much by inheriting money that ought never to have belonged to them. That money, you know very well, belongs to Mr. Balfour's creditors."

"This I know very well—that you would be exceedingly glad to see these two absolute beggars, so that they should be thrown on each other's helpfulness. I have a suspicion that that is the foundation for this pretty anxiety in the cause of morality and justice. Now there is no use in being angry. Without doubt you have a sensitive conscience; and you are anxious that Lady Sylvia's conscience should be consulted too; but all the same——"

By this time the proud blood has mounted to her face.

"I came to you for advice; not for a discourse on the conscience," she says, with a splendid look of injured dignity. "I know I am right; and I know that she is right, children or no children. You say that Lord Willowby will probably refuse——"

"Balfour says so, according to your account."

"Very well; and you explain that he might be called on to make good the money. Could not he be induced to consent by some guarantee—some indemnity——"

"Certainly; if you can get a big enough fool to become responsible for 50,000*l.* to the end of time. Such people are not common. But there, sit down; and put aside all these fantastic speculations. The immediate thing you want is Lord Willowby's consent to this act of legal vandalism. If he refuses, his refusal will be based on the personal interests of his daughter. He will not consider children or grandchildren; long before her eldest born can be twenty-one, Lord Willowby will be gathered to his fathers; and as for the risk he runs, he has not a brass farthing that anyone can seize. Very well: you must explain to Lady Sylvia, in as delicate a way as you can, that there might be youthful Balfours in the days to come; and that she must consider whether she is acting rightly in throwing away this provision——"

"But, gracious goodness, her husband wants her to do so, and she wants to do so——"

"Then let that be settled—of course all husbands' wishes are law. Then you must explain to her what it is she is asking her father to do; and point out that it will take a good deal of appealing before he consents. He has a strictly legal right to refuse; further, he can plead his natural concern for his daughter's interests ——"

"He ought to have more regard for his daughter's honour!" says she, warmly.

"Nonsense. You are talking as if Balfour had gone into a conspiracy to get up a fraudulent settlement. It is no business of hers that the firm failed——"

"I say it is a matter of strict honour and integrity that she should give up this money; and she *shall* give it up!" says Queen T., with an indignant look.

"Very well, then, if you are all quite content, there only remains that you should appeal to Lord Willowby."

"Why do you laugh?"

"Lord Willowby thought he would get some money through Balfour marrying his daughter. Now you are asking him to throw away his last chance of ever getting a penny. And you think he will consent."

"His daughter shall make him," said she, confident in the sublime and invincible powers of virtue. Her confidence, in this instance at least, was not misplaced—so much must be admitted.

## LITERATURE.

### THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

*The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* By Theodore Martin. With a Portrait. Vol. III. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

It will take yet another volume to complete Mr. Martin's biography of the late Prince Consort. He expected to complete it in three volumes, but the third has proved insufficient to contain the abundance of his materials. It is of comparatively little interest to the general public to how many volumes the work may extend, because, in so far as it deals with the subject of the biography, it assumes more and more the character of a private record, and contains less and less to engage attention beyond the circle of personal friends. It may not be to the credit of human nature, but His Royal Highness was much too good and steady a man to be a fertile subject for the biographer, apart from the great concerns with which his position brought him into contact. Those whose lives are spent in the best manner for the good of a community are not always those about whom the community cares most to know. It was impossible for the Prince Consort's biographer to increase the general respect in which he was held for the exemplary discharge of so much more than the bare duties of his high station, but no literary skill could avoid tediousness in the detail of his tranquil and uniform existence, the efforts which he made to promote good social causes, the endless minutes and memorandums which he drew up on public affairs, or the voluminous correspondence which he carried on with his guide, philosopher, and friend, Baron Stockmar. No life can be of much general interest, as a life, that has not trials and struggles to commemorate, and the life of the Prince

Consort, as portrayed by Mr. Martin, was as devoid of trial and struggle as the life of a clerk in a public office during his hours of business. So far as Mr. Martin has gone, he has shown us only the life of the Prince in his study and on public platforms. More, perhaps, it would be impertinent to desire, but this much is deficient in human interest.

Since the second volume of Mr. Martin's biography was published, Mr. Kinglake has issued a new edition of his 'Crimea,' in which he takes note of Mr. Martin's efforts to establish for His Royal Highness, from private "minutes" and "memorandums," the reputation of a far-sighted practical statesman. In order to give direction to these efforts, Mr. Kinglake specified various points in the course of the negotiations preceding the Crimean War at which the British Cabinet seemed to him to have deviated from the paths of sound policy, and suggested that Mr. Martin should see whether he could find in the Prince's private papers any evidence that he had remarked these mistakes at the time. In particular, Mr. Kinglake, being of opinion that the personal ambition of Napoleon III. was largely, if not wholly, responsible for the failure of the peace-seeking negotiations of 1853 and 1854, and that the British Cabinet fell under his influence owing to personal discords and collective indecision, wished to know whether the Prince Consort had shown himself at the time in any way sensible of the dangers of a separate understanding with France, whether he had warned the Queen of the perilous tendencies of Her Majesty's speech at the close of the Session of 1853, in which the Emperor was first put forward as our special and peculiar ally.

The period of these transactions was covered in Mr. Martin's second volume, which contained no such evidence of political insight as Mr. Kinglake desired. Mr. Martin has not gone back upon it to produce any documents which he might have passed over in his first search, nor has he discovered any documents of a later date containing the required evidence of the Prince's statesmanship. He prints a memorandum by the Prince, surveying the political position, dated March 8, 1854. This, however it may sustain the Prince's reputation as an intelligent theoretic statesman, is not calculated to enhance his reputation as a man of affairs. The surprising part of it is that although the Prince held in the strongest manner that it was essential for the defeating of Russian schemes that a concert should be maintained between the four Powers—England, France, Austria, and Prussia—he shows not the slightest consciousness that this concert was endangered by the separate action taken by the French and English fleets at the instigation of the Emperor in the preceding December, nor by the Emperor's separation of France and England from the other Powers in his autograph letter to the Czar in January. The Prince's memorandum complains bitterly of the selfish policy of Prussia, but says nothing for or against the excellent pretext for isolation with which the King of Prussia had been provided by the astute Napoleon and his compliant friends the British Government. The intelligent onlooker, in short, had missed the principal moves in the game.

The Prince Consort saw no guile, suspected no self-seeking, in the French Emperor's desire for the friendship of the Royal Family of England. He seems to have assented cheerfully to the invitation to pay a visit to the camp at Boulogne, and show to Europe that spectacle of comradeship which the Man of December coveted as a means of establishing his Imperial position. Mr. Martin prints a memorandum dictated by the Prince after his return, recording some notes of his conversations with his Imperial host. The most remarkable point in the memorandum is that it contains not a word about the Eastern Question, not a syllable about the cause for which the joint armies of England and France were at the moment arrayed. The Prince and the Emperor talked of Lord Palmerston, Lord Aberdeen, Spain, Italy, Poland, general principles of government, and so forth; but if anything was said about Russia and Turkey, it finds no place in the memorandum. The following naïve sentences show how artfully the Emperor won the heart of his visitor:—"His general education appeared to me to be very deficient, even on subjects which are of a first necessity to him—I mean the political history of modern times, and political sciences generally. He was remarkably modest, however, in acknowledging these defects, and showed the greatest candour in not pretending to know what he did not." M. Louis Bonaparte always had the credit of being a good listener.

The only important document in the volume, from a historical point of view, is a private letter from the King of Prussia to Her Majesty the Queen, conveyed in the beginning of March, 1854. It has been supposed, from the papers hitherto made public, that the King of Prussia showed no signs of backing out of the alliance of the four Powers till July of that year, when Russia executed the diplomatic as well as strategic movement of evacuating the Principalities. It appears, however, from this semi-private correspondence between him and Her Majesty, that he declared his intention of consulting Prussian interests only as early as March. The letter in which he expressed his views is a very curious document. He was extremely desirous for the preservation of peace, and seems to have thought that he could do something by making a direct personal appeal to the English Sovereign, although a declaration of war was then imminent, and some of our troops had already been embarked for the East. "Just there," he said, "where the vocation of diplomacy ceases, the special province of the Sovereign begins." Mr. Martin renders the most important part of the letter as follows:—

Is it not most strange that England seems for some time past to have been ashamed of what has been the special motive cause of the impending conflagration? Who now speaks of the Turk? On the contrary, the war will now be in the highest sense of the word a war for an idea (*ein Tendenzkrieg*). The preponderance of Russia is to be broken down! Well! I, her neighbour, have never felt this preponderance, and have never yielded to it. And England, in truth, has felt it less than I. The equilibrium of Europe will be menaced by this war, for the world's greatest Powers will be weakened by it. But, above all, suffer me to ask, "Does God's law justify a war for an idea?" This last consideration it is that leads the writer to implore Her Majesty, "for the sake of the Prince of Peace, not to reject the Russian proposals. . . . *Order them to be probed to the bottom, and see that this is done in a desire for peace. Cause what may be accepted to be winnowed from what appears objectionable*, and *set negotiations on foot upon this basis!* I know that the Russian Emperor is ardently desirous of peace. Let Your Majesty build a bridge for the principle of his life—the Imperial honour! He will walk over it, extolling God and praising Him. For this I pledge myself.

In conclusion, will Your Majesty allow me to say one word for Prussia and for myself? *I am resolved to maintain a position of complete neutrality*; and to this I add, with proud elation, *My people and myself are of one mind.* They *require* absolute neutrality from me. They say (and I say), "What have we to do with the Turk?" Whether he stand or fall in no way concerns the industrious Rhinelanders and the husbandmen of the Riesengebirg and Bernstein. Grant that the Russian tax-gatherers are an odious race, and that of late monstrous falsehoods have been told and outrages perpetrated in the Imperial name. It was the Turk, and not we, who suffered, and the Turk has plenty of good friends; but the Emperor is a noble gentleman, and has done us no harm. Your Majesty will allow that this North German sound practical sense is difficult to gainsay. . . Should Count Gröben come too late, should war have been declared, still I do not abandon hope. Many a war has been declared, and yet not come to actual blows. God the Lord's Will decides.

Although this letter was addressed to Her Majesty in person, she dealt with it "as a public document addressed to her advisers, as well as to herself." The reply seems to have been drafted by the Prince Consort, and is full of dignity, rebuking the King in courteous but effective terms for his falling off to an attitude of complete neutrality, pointing out that the new Russian proposals of compromise are such as the Powers could not concede with honour, and responding as follows to the suggestion that a last effort should be made to build a bridge for the honour of the Czar:—

The consequences of a war, frightful and incalculable as they are, are as distressing to me to contemplate as they are to Your Majesty. I am also aware that the Emperor of Russia does not wish for war. But he makes demands upon the Porte which the united European Powers, yourself included, have solemnly declared to be incompatible with the independence of the Porte and the equilibrium of Europe. In view of this declaration, and of the presence of the

Russian army of invasion in the Principalities, the Powers must be prepared to support their words by acts. If the Turk now retires into the background, and the impending war appears to you to be a "war for an idea," the reason is simply this, that the very motives which urge on the Emperor, in spite of the protest of all Europe, and at the risk of a war that may devastate the world, to persist in his demands, disclose a determination to realise a fixed idea, and that the grand ulterior consequences of the war must be regarded as far more important than its original ostensible cause, which in the beginning appeared to be neither more nor less than the key of the back door of a mosque.

Your Majesty calls upon me "to probe the question to the bottom in the spirit and love of peace, and to build a bridge for the Imperial honour." . . . All the devices and ingenuity of diplomacy and also of good-will have been squandered during the last nine months in vain attempts to build up such a bridge! *Projets de Notes*, Conventions, Protocols, &c. &c., by the dozen have emanated from the *Chancelleries* of the different Powers, and the ink that has gone to the penning of them might well be called a second Black Sea. But every one of them has been wrecked upon the self-will of your Imperial brother-in-law.

A more dignified reply could not be conceived, nor a more telling condemnation of the Czar as the disturber of the peace of Europe. Only one thing we fail to read either between the lines of this or in any memorandum of the Prince's which Mr. Martin publishes, the faintest perception of a truth which is now evident, that the real disturber of the peace of Europe was our well-beloved artful ally, the Emperor of the French. It was by his machinations that the Czar had been step by step forced into a position from which he could not retreat, unless a bridge were made for his Imperial honour.

It is a curious and significant fact that there should be so much more in this volume concerning English policy before the Crimean War than is at all necessary for illustrating the part played by the Prince Consort. Why, for example, should Mr. Martin have gone out of his way to quote the violent anti-Russian philippics of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Derby? Mr. Martin has laid himself open to the suspicion that if the Eastern Question had not been at present on the tapis, his biography need not have exceeded the proposed dimensions of three volumes; and that the extra volume must be viewed as a political pamphlet. It has been treated as a political pamphlet by the *Daily Telegraph*, and it is to be regretted that the opinions of Her Majesty's amiable, well-meaning, and highly-accomplished Consort, which did not go beneath the surface of things at the time, should be quoted as if they contained the essence of political wisdom in reference to the very different state of affairs now prevailing. There was some reason to regard Russia as the enemy of civilisation and progress at a time when every little German prince counted upon the aid of the Czar to repress disaffection among his subjects; but, apart from other changes in the European situation, another Colossus has grown since then to remove all danger from the overpowering weight of the Autocrat of All the Russias.

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## PIUS IX. AND THE CHURCH.

*The Pope, the Kings, and the People.* By William Arthur. London: William Mullan and Son.

*Pio IX. e il Papa Futuro.* Di Ruggero Bonghi. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

The two works quoted above are the most recent contributions we have seen to a voluminous controversy. Both of them have the merit of being in substance not polemical, but critical and historical. They will both be found useful by anyone who wishes to form a reasonable opinion on the very grave problem they treat of. It is an easy matter, comparatively, to make up one's mind as to the historical controversies of the past. Opinions clear and settle themselves in time. Personal rivalries and hatreds die away. Documents known only to a handful of contemporaries, and known to them only confidentially, become public property. The intensity of literary and political partisanship is worn off. We are thus able without much difficulty to take a fair and comprehensive view of the Catholic reaction of the sixteenth century, but find that we need all our light and judgment to estimate at their true value, in a spirit neither of panic nor of unreflecting indifference, the unique conditions in which the Catholic Church now finds itself. The saying that a man can only write the history of his own age is not true without many qualifications. What is sound in it amounts to this, that a man cannot write the history of any age without an abundance of contemporary evidence. On the other hand, it is impossible to measure the force of tendencies and the significance of events till they have had time to work themselves out. Something like an approximate estimate may nevertheless be attainable, and has been attempted from different points of view, by Mr. Arthur and Signor Bonghi. The two bulky volumes of the former consist chiefly of a history of the Syllabus and the Vatican Council; the little essay of the latter is an attempt—a very modest and reserved attempt—to guess at the chances of the future after the death of the present Pope. Mr. Arthur's learned and temperate work will be rather valued by students of the subject than by the general public. If it has not all the qualities which make a book popular it contains much important information which, so far as we know, is not elsewhere accessible to those who only read English, and concentrates within a reasonable compass what those to whom foreign sources are open would have to go far and wide in search of. Signor Bonghi, the author of the second of the two works which stand at the head of this article, is known as the Minister of Public Instruction in the late Cabinet of Signor Minghetti, and as one of the most accomplished scholars, thinkers, and writers in his country. His little book contains, besides a concise account of the methods of electing a Pope and of the machinery of the Papal Court in general, a disquisition on the present state of the Catholic Church, and some speculations as to its probable future. We shall not attempt to follow Mr. Arthur and Signor Bonghi into the details of the subject, but there are one or two general conclusions in which they both agree, and which, though they have been often before put forward, are so important as to need frequent restatement.

In the first place, the position of the Church is profoundly altered since Pius IX. ascended the Papal throne. That centralising tendency which has been at work within it for many centuries, and by which the Church was gradually absorbed into the clergy, has in our days gone still further, and absorbed the clergy into the Pope. Pius the Ninth may now say with truth, "L'Eglise c'est moi." Neither the laity, nor the inferior clergy, nor the Bishops, have anything to do but to accept quietly the post assigned to them in the ranks of the Church, and obey whatever orders may be given them from the Vatican. We are not now saying whether the change is good or bad; much of it is inevitable, and would have come to pass, if only from the improvements in the means of transit and communication, even if it had not been consciously aimed at. But whether we like it or not, the change has taken place, and the change is immense. Further, the publication of the 'Syllabus' and the Infallibility has given dogmatic precision and authority to much that was left indeterminate before, has deliberately shut the door to any peaceful compromise between Catholicism and the modern world, and has forced upon all consistent Catholics the alternative of breaking, openly or silently, either with their Church on the one hand, or with their age and country on the other. The constraint of this alternative will be felt more and more every year, and can only in the long run be ignored by those who are incapable of consecutive thought. And there is yet another point in which the position of the Church is new. The Temporal Power is gone. It is not that the Pope, as in past times, has abandoned or been driven from the city of Rome, to return when the storm has blown over. He stays there unmolested, as free and as safe as the King of Italy; but he can never permanently get back his states. Even in the very improbable case that a crusade of the Catholic Powers against Italy and her allies should be successful, foreign bayonets would prove as powerless to maintain the Temporal Power in the future as in the past. Some accident or other, like the Franco-German War, would take the foreign protectors home—and nobody pretends

that the Temporal Power can stand of itself. But it must be clearly borne in mind that the position of the Pope as a political ruler, though a curse to his subjects and a bane to Italy, offered a real, if not a strong, guarantee that the wishes and interests of the other Governments in Europe—wishes and interests which tend to moderation in religious matters—would be consulted. The Pope being monarch as well as priest, was forced to look at affairs from more points of view than the merely ecclesiastical one. But now even this feeble guarantee for moderation is destroyed, and it is likely that when the impossibility of restoring the Temporal Power is fully recognised, as it will be in time by the vast majority of Catholics, the Church will throw itself, with greater ardour than ever, and with an ardour unhampered by secular considerations, into the struggle for spiritual empire. And that empire avowedly means the destruction of all that we modern men live for.

For the changes in the world in one direction have kept pace with those of the Church in the other. The years which have seen the Papacy finally take the form of an international corporation have witnessed a development, unexampled in history, of the national spirit. Men who have been awakened from the debasement of centuries to the higher life of patriotism are not likely to listen with much patience to those who tell them that they owe their first duty to the Pope and the second to their country. In the intellectual sphere, in which the Catholic negation of reason has been crowned by the doctrine of Papal infallibility, free thought has gained a deeper hold on the world outside than it has ever had before, and has profoundly transformed even the most rigidly orthodox of Protestant Churches. And while the centralisation of the Roman Church tends more and more to reduce its members to the position of mere wheels in the great machine, individualism, with its bad as well as good consequences, is the leading social idea of modern life.

The next conclave will, then, be held in circumstances which are new and unparalleled in history. If the uncertainty which attends the decision of these assemblies is so great that, in the words of the old proverb, "he who enters them Pope comes out a Cardinal," that uncertainty is doubly great now. Into the chances of the various candidates Mr. Arthur does not enter; and Signor Bonghi, for his part, commits himself to no very definite prediction. He is inclined to think that an Italian has a better chance than a foreigner, although recent creations have so far increased the number of foreign cardinals that the Italian members of the College cannot elect one of their own countrymen without the help of seven, at least, of the non-Italians. As possible Popes (*Cardinali papabili*) he mentions the following Cardinals:—Pecci, Morichini, De Luca, Bilio, Monaco la Valletta, Simeoni (the present Secretary of State), and Franchi. With reference to the policy likely to be pursued by the Vatican in the future, Signor Bonghi is inclined to take a more hopeful view than Mr. Arthur. We should be glad to be able to share Signor Bonghi's hopes—which, however, even in him have not a very confident ring—but they seem to us, we confess, a trifle optimistic. That the Church should go so far on the way to battle, and then come to terms without striking a blow, is almost too good to be true. If the Church wins in the conflict, it gets what it wants—supremacy. If it loses, it will still have what it has at present—toleration—that is, it will be no worse off than it is now. No situation is more tempting to a fight than one where you have something to win and nothing to lose.

## STOCK EXCHANGE SECURITIES.

*Stock Exchange Securities.* An Essay on the General Causes of Fluctuations in their Price. By Robert Giffen. London: Bell and Sons.

In the course of Mr. Giffen's long experience as an eminent writer on financial subjects and the money market, in connexion with the *Daily News* and the *Economist*, he had much occasion to reflect on the causes which affect the prices of securities, and the laws which control them. This essay contains the ripe fruits of his rather rare experience. It is an attempt to introduce order into a subject which appears to outsiders blank chaos; to show that these securities do obey certain law in their variations; and that neither the Three per Cents., nor any other securities, are, as Sydney Smith termed the former, the greatest fools in Christendom. The essay is not an abstract discussion of some speculative points in Political Economy; it is an enunciation, clear and practical, of some of the rules of which it behoves all who touch securities to be informed. We do not know whether the ordinary political economist would altogether approve of the mode of treatment adopted by a writer who skips all preliminary questions as to the true theory of value. But those who consult this book, not for the sake of participating in the sweets of a logomachy about value, but to acquire an intelligent idea of the movements of prices on the Stock Exchange and elsewhere, will not be disappointed.

It is apt to be supposed that these securities do not conform to any law, but move up and down according to the mere whims or terrors of the public and the designs of speculators. This is incorrect; but, on the other hand, it is not quite true that their movements are devoid of many peculiarities. They are susceptible to certain special permanent influences which Mr. Giffen seeks to analyse, and which all investors ought to bear in mind. Take, for example, the existence of "bogus" or sham "securities;" the discovery of the worthlessness of Peruvian or other securities leads for a time to a depreciation of almost all securities, good and bad. Again, he shows that the prices of securities in general are likely to be high when there is an increase of cash in the hands of the public, or, what is the same thing, in the deposits at the banks. The constitution of the Stock Exchange does not introduce any absolutely unknown element into the problem; but, as Mr. Giffen shows, it gives facilities for the formation of syndicates, rigs, or corners, the nature and operations of which he fully describes. Their effect is not rated very highly; "the importance often attached to these syndicates is greatly exaggerated," and rigs are rarely of much consequence unless when they anticipate a rise or fall due to real causes. Then, too, the constitution of the Stock Exchange is such as to allow of transactions being entered into on borrowed money to an extent unknown in most forms of business, and the result is to make the chief market for securities remarkably sensitive. It is obvious that we touch here a subject of incalculable importance. No worthier occupation for an economist could be found than to endeavour to analyse what we might call the chief disturbing influences on the value of securities, and Mr. Giffen is the first in a field which it is desirable should be thoroughly explored. He has not exhausted it. We should be glad were he to show more fully than he has done how securities have become, so to speak, the temporary storehouse of floating capital; that people may be content to receive on their temporary investments less than the average rate of interest; and that the prices of securities are liable to be acted upon by more diverse causes than affect the prices of most vendible articles.

Mr. Giffen has some interesting observations on the causes which lead to the differences in the prices of securities *inter se*. One might be tempted to think that the whole explanation was comprised in the various rates of interest and the different degrees of security which they offered. But this, though of much consequence, is not all. Certain securities, such as Bank Stock, are deemed "respectable," and are always quoted at a price above what they would, in ordinary course, sell at. Consols are a half or three-quarters per cent. higher than New and Reduced Three per Cents., though the rate of interest and the general nature of the two securities are identical. Then, too, there is a certain reasonable sympathy between securities. The fact that there is always in the market, or accessible, a certain amount of what Mr. Giffen terms "optional capital" seeking for investment, produces a marvellously close communica-

tion between securities apparently unconnected; if a particular class or group of securities rises or falls, the "optional capital" will be attracted or repelled.

One interesting subject discussed in this volume is the question whether securities in general have risen or fallen in recent years. Mr. Giffen endeavours to eliminate the cyclical changes in prices, as well as the minor effects on prices due to panics and passing perturbations, and to ascertain whether, since the adoption of Free Trade by this country, securities have as a whole risen or fallen. Of course a perfect answer is out of the question; but there is an interesting contribution to the solution of the problem in the shape of certain returns with respect to the prices of Consols, and London and North-Western Railway Ordinary Stock, French Three per Cents., and Russian Five per Cents. In the main, the results of his various comparisons agree. Securities were high-priced before the coming of the Free Trade period; then occurred a fall in prices, and, since 1865, the tendency has been steadily upwards. On the whole, he comes to the conclusion that a low value of money and high price of securities have characterised recent times. Now, what is the cause of this? He ascribes it to the pressure for investment of the large surplus capital of a wealthy country, and the fact that savings are being made faster than are the adequate channels to receive them. "There is hardly any limit to the force of saving in the great communities of modern times, and the creation of good solid securities cannot keep pace with it."

Mr. Giffen gives to investors one or two pieces of advice which are so excellent that we must refer to them. One is to this effect: No matter how good a security may be, it is the duty of a prudent investor to set aside a certain proportion of the income as a sinking fund to replace the capital if the worst should happen. His conception of prudence is the conduct of one of our joint-stock banks which some time ago told its shareholders that its Consols stood in its books at 90; and he thinks that the law which allows a person having a life interest in securities to appropriate the whole income is irregular and unfair to reversioners. Another shrewd piece of advice is that investors should avoid touching securities which have become the subject of Stock Exchange manipulations; and in regard to the more solid stocks, it is the rule of prudence not to buy or sell after Stock Exchange operators, but to hold back, or even to act in an opposed sense to those operators. We do not suppose that everyone will be able to profit by the abstruse reasoning in some portions of the essay; but all will understand and may profit by the pointed, practical advice which it gives to investors. We cannot refrain from quoting one passage which is not out of date:—

> In my semi-public capacity as a City editor I have come across the most curious illustrations of the strength and persistency of the belief that investors have a right to high interest, and that they are to be taken care of. More than once I have received protests against publishing news affecting a particular security, because it depressed the price. The news in one case I have in my mind was of the utmost value, as foreshadowing a collapse in the security itself, although it could only be published at the time for what it was worth, and for the benefit of the whole public interested, *i.e.* the possible investors as well as the present holders. But I was informed that my duty as City editor was, not to give news or information, but to keep stocks at their proper prices—that I was to be the providence of investors, and give them opinions to go by, and *not* give them data on which to found judgments of their own. Such letters, and other facts which have come to my knowledge, have given me a deep conviction of the utter unreasonableness of many of the public about securities, and of the necessity of more education on the subject.

## EGYPTIANA.

*Upper Egypt: its People and Products.* By Dr. Klunzinger. London: Blackie and Son.
*Pyramid Facts and Fancies.* By James Bonwick. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.
*The Monuments of Upper Egypt.* By Mariette Bey. London: Trübner and Co.
*Life of Edward William Lane.* By S. Lane Poole. London: Williams and Norgate.

It will not be the fault of authors or publishers if Egypt of the Pharaohs, Egypt of the Caliphs, and Egypt of the Khedive, do not become the best known of any country within reach of the railway and steamer. It is being treated from every point of view. Mr. McCoan showed us what Egypt ought to be; Mr. De Leon what it is from an administrative point of view; and now Dr. Klunzinger gives us a detailed description of the country and people, which, in its microscopical accuracy, leaves even the best books on Egypt, such as those by Stephen, Kremer, and Lütke, far behind. What Lane did for Cairo, Klunzinger has done for the whole country; and what Lane omitted in Cairo regarding the Egyptian Christians, Klunzinger has supplied. He was able to do this, as he lived entirely amidst the natives, and devoted himself for many years to the study of their language, literature, and customs. This is much more difficult now than it was in Lane's time. In a recent article, "Abu Seid of Serug," we pointed out that the tide of Western varnish civilisation had driven back the Arab into greater seclusion than ever, for the more he sees of Western habits the less he likes them. This is endorsed by Dr. Schweinfurth, who writes the introduction to his friend's book, and says that the life of Europeans in Egypt has assumed such a form that a man may live twenty years there and know no more about the country than can be found in the hundreds of books in which authors describe what they have never seen.

The arrangement of Dr. Klunzinger's book is peculiar. It does not form a connected narrative, but consists of a series of articles on modern Egypt. It might almost be called a highly elaborate Egyptian encyclopædia. His method is to take a subject, no matter what it is, and exhaust it then and there, under the heading which precedes it. The whole of the book is thus broken into paragraphs following each other, not according to their relation to each other, but in the order in which the subjects they treat of presented themselves to the author's eye and notice. Thus, the first chapter is headed "Four Days in a Country Town." Dr. Klunzinger, with a thoroughness that would be pedantic were it not that the most trivial details are of value where so much misconception prevails, devotes two pages to the external appearance and character of the town, just as it would strike a traveller on approaching it. Then come the headings—"Entrance into a Town," "The Houses," "The Great Man," "The Bazar," and so on, each subject being treated with a vivacity and quaint humour that is very attractive, and doubly so to those who know the scenes and are acquainted with the German character and manner of regarding things, and can trace the original German tongue in its English garb. Thus, at no matter what page the book be opened, there is always a complete article ready for perusal, which shows at once how keen Dr. Klunzinger's powers of observation are, and how much perseverance he must have exhibited to arrive at the information he gives us.

It is very difficult to draw a Moslem from his reticence. And, in some cases, even Dr. Klunzinger has not arrived at quite the correct solution—though but rarely. Thus, in speaking of the mean appearance of the shops in the bazars, he says that perhaps the owners are right in not giving their little booths the splendid exterior which consumes a goodly part of the capital required to start the business. That is not the reason. They keep their goods in the background partly to preserve them from the glaring sun which spoils them rapidly, and partly because they do not want to attract the notice of the covetous pashas and effendis, who cannot resist the temptation of ordering what they cannot pay for. Arab shopkeepers can tell many amusing stories of the way in which goods have been concealed from the great man, and of the devices he has resorted to in order to entrap them into confessing they possess what they had denied him.

The accounts of the slave markets, and the way in which slavery works, is singularly true and impartial. The benefits of slavery, when it once exists, and its disadvantages and abuses, are scrupulously regarded; and Dr. Klunzinger plainly states what the Slavery Abolition

Societies would do well to bear in mind—that is, that it is no good simply liberating the slave and casting him upon the world in a strange country, but that, to complete the work, he ought to be sent back to his own home. As it is, friendless, despised, he is turned out into the streets, unable to speak the language, and speedily developes into the most degraded class, and furnishes no small contingent for the quarters where the Greek dram shops and the native sirens, the *ghawazi*, live in convenient proximity.

The daily life of the provincial Egyptian is given with a minuteness that would be impossible for anyone who does not possess the advantage of being a recognised doctor, as Dr. Klunzinger is, and whose descriptions may be said to culminate in the account of a dinner given in celebration of a betrothal, or some such similar event. The multitude of dishes—solid, rich fare—is alarming; the *menu* comprises twenty-four heavy dishes preceded by coffee and pipes, and followed up by coffee and pipes to the accompaniment of loud eructations, which are indulged in from necessity, and have hence become recognised as a form of etiquette to denote the satisfaction the repast has given to the guests. When they begin to feel too uncomfortable they go home, heavy at stomach but clear in their heads.

The pictures of the law courts, and the way the business is transacted, is Solomonic in its simplicity. A couple of brawlers are brought in, one with his nose seriously damaged. By the time their turn comes they are both rather sorry they have brought the case before the Judge, as it is considered a serious disgrace for two Moslemin to fight with each other. But when they come to state their grievances, they almost come to blows again. The witnesses interfere, storms of epithets ensue, and it is long before order is restored. The Judge asks the accused, "Did you strike anyone?" "No; I did nothing. Nothing has happened." "And that nose?" "God knows all," is the reply. "Bring the rope," exclaims the Judge; "bind him, the liar, the pimp!" "Alas!" cries the accused; "thus was it fore-ordained by Fate. I submit." So much for the accused. He receives the bastinado—which, as Dr. Klunzinger remarks, is not so bad as it looks—and is led away limping. The accuser's turn comes next, and he too is submitted to the same castigation. The next case is that of some women who had ill-treated the wife of the prosecutor. The defendants—not the women, who remain at home, be it remembered, but their husbands—defend their better halves to the best of their ability, but are speedily stopped by the Judge, and handed over to the gaolers to receive the bastinado, and are dismissed with a warning to keep their wives better in order. As Dr. Klunzinger remarks, the private consequences of this procedure in the apartments of the harem may be left to the reader's imagination.

It is not always the case, of course, that both accused and accuser are equally punished, but it very frequently occurs, and contributes a good deal to keeping the people out of the Courts in a country where litigation is more or less a favourite occupation. The Courts are always crowded with spectators, who, however, play a far more dignified part than the fashionable audiences in our own land. Intercessions by the bystanders for the culprits are very common. The mere utterance of the word *Ma alesh* ("Do nothing") is sufficient to secure his escape, inattention to this intercession being regarded as a personal insult. Thus the next case was also one of assault, but committed by the son of a wealthy merchant and a *shereef*, who had knocked out some of the teeth of a highly respectable citizen. The father appeared to defend his son, whom, however, he first upbraided in emphatic terms for the disgrace he had brought upon him. He took hold of his own silvery beard, and asked him how he could bring such sorrow upon his old father, till at last one would think the father was the injured party, and not the man minus the teeth, who then began to tell his tale, amidst the comments of the bystanders. The Judge began to get tired of it all, and bade the gaolers take the young man to prison. This was the signal for a great commotion. The Kadi, or ecclesiastical judge, who had no voice in the matter, exclaimed, "First of all, a *fatiha!*" At once the turmoil ceased, and all uttered the prayer of prayers. Then the Kadi interceded, the son was pardoned, the two parties became reconciled, and the scene closed with a series of embraces all round, a cup of coffee, and another *fatiha*.

Especially interesting and instructive is the chapter on the "Family;" but it is impossible to do justice in a short review like this to a book which should be found in every library, and earnestly studied by all who wish to know what the character of the Egyptian Moslem and Christian really is. It is the best book that has appeared since that of Lane, which it surpasses, in so far that it brings the account down to the present day.

Unreasonable as was the expectation, the title of Mr. Bonwick's book, 'Pyramidal Facts and Fancies,' almost led us to imagine that the author would attempt to separate fact from fancy, which have been so irrevocably interwoven by such enthusiasts or eminently practical men as Professor Piazzi Smyth, who are either afflicted with a most remarkable obliquity of intellect, or are charitable enough to adapt facts to fancies in order to present an harmonious picture to suit other people's obliquity of intellectual vision. But if such an idea as pronouncing a verdict in the case of fact *versus* fancy in connexion with the Pyramids—or rather with the Great Pyramid—ever entered Mr. Bonwick's head, he wisely abandoned it, and contented himself with massing all the facts and fancies together in a most thorough fashion. The result is a book which is perfect of its kind. It is at once a compendium of the wisdom and the folly of mankind, and so plainly does he put the facts beside the fancies that no one will have any difficulty in making his choice as to what category of theorists he will elect to belong. Mr. Bonwick, however, takes care not to leave the reader in doubt as to his own private opinion, and while acknowledging Professor Smyth's services does not feel able to receive his theories. This is the utmost length to which Mr. Bonwick goes; and considering the temptations the subject offers, considering the smothered fury which must have afflicted him at times, it is almost a miracle as great as Professor Smyth's pyramidal miracles that he has been able so impartially to state the views of the theorists, from the days of Herodotus downwards, who have devoted themselves to the subject.

No such considerations as may have influenced Mr. Bonwick can affect anyone who has not a theory to support. For the majority of men these structures on the banks of the Nile are pyramidal monuments of folly to the present day, even as they were of old. Pyramidal folly led to their construction, and pyramidal folly leads men to expound the presumed motives that led to their erection; for no folly at the present day, no matter how pyramidal, can compass the initial colossal folly that erected them. It is just as useless to point out to them that the variation in the different estimates as to the height of the Pyramids may be accounted for in a dozen natural ways, and that there is nothing wonderful in the fact that certain mathematical rules were observed in their construction. They could not have been built without. But to argue because a building was constructed according to certain rules, that therefore that building was erected to demonstrate those rules, is simply the summit of absurdity. Nor is it strange that the calculations based on the measurements of such a form as that of a pyramid, with its simply endless gradations, should allow of an equally endless manipulation and interpretation which can be made to prove anything and to coincide with anything, from the Jewish cubit down to the number of the beast in Revelations and the dimensions of the *Great Eastern* or Temple Bar. The only mystery about the Pyramids is how there ever came to be a mystery about them at all.

Mariette Bey's work is too well known in its French garb to require any lengthened notice here. He thoroughly repudiates the idea of the Pyramids being anything more than regal tombs where the king, deified

as a sort of incarnation of the divinity, was worshipped in the exterior temples which stood before them. As a guide to the antiquities of Egypt, especially the temples and tombs, Mariette Bey's book cannot be excelled. It is furnished with admirably-executed plans, contains a most lucid account of the hieroglyphs and cartouches, and is altogether invaluable to the traveller who wishes to understand what he sees and not have to depend upon his dragoman's powers of imagination for an explanation.

Mr. Poole's book is chiefly to be valued for directing attention afresh to Lane's 'Modern Egyptians,' a book regarding which Dr. Schweinfurth, in his preface to Dr. Klunzinger's work, cannot speak too highly. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Poole had not more materials at his disposal to make use of, for all that he does give us only increases the wish to know more. But Lane's life is so bound up in his book, it is so essentially a part of himself, that reading the one is as good as reading the other; whilst what his own book is deficient in in this respect, Mr. Poole supplies in the tastily executed volume which will be welcome to all admirers of the talented Orientalist.

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## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

*Leaves from My Sketch-book.* Second Series. By E. W. Cooke, R.A. (John Murray.)—What we said of Mr. Cooke's first series of "Leaves" holds good with regard to his second; they are interesting in as far as they recall memories of pleasant places, and artistically they have considerable but by no means striking merit. This second series opens with nine Italian sketches, of which five are devoted to Venice, and are distinctly disappointing. They are like Venice, and yet they are not like; they are correct in drawing, and the sites of buildings and the position of places are preserved with sufficient accuracy, but they are unlike Venice in failing to give any idea of its beauty, of its colour, and the ideal poetry of the place. To those familiar with Venice this will not matter so much, for they can with the help of their imagination fill in the unfinished picture, and light up its cold fidelity with memories of the warmth and beauty that make Venice one of the fairest and one of the least disappointing places in the world. But to those who had never seen Venice, who had never watched the sun set on the way back from Lido, or gone down the Grand Canal by moonlight to the Rialto, these sketches would give but a poor idea of Venice. We are at once prepared to admit the difficulty of doing Venice justice on canvas or paper; even Canaletto seems to have left the sun out of his immortal paintings, but a good deal can be done by the pencil alone that Mr. Cooke has not done, and results obtained that Mr. Cooke has certainly not succeeded in obtaining. Those who ascend the tower in the Piazza San Marco, the stepless tower, up whose series of inclined planes a horse might be led if there were horses to lead in Venice, are invited by the custodian of the place to look at the splendid view through pieces of coloured glass. You look through a yellow glass, and at once the city that lies beneath you, like two islands separated by an S-shaped canal—for at that height the small canals are not to be seen, a somewhat disappointing fact—is transformed into a golden city, such as must have danced before the waking eyes and filled the uneasy dreams of many a gentleman adventurer seeking fortune in South America. A red glass is next handed to you, and immediately the scene becomes suffused with the flame-coloured atmosphere peculiar to the last scene of a pantomime. Then comes the turn of the blue glass, and, as you look, Venice in the glare of the noonday is transformed into Venice by night, steeped in the silvery-blue moonlight in which ideal Venice always exists—the ideal Venice which is still swayed by a Doge and still sings Tasso, which has not exchanged the Bucentaur for the P. and O. steamboat, and the music of Galuppi for *La Fille de Madame Angot*. Mr. Cooke seems not to have seen the real Venice any better than those who have been gazing at it, to alter the old Border song's refrain a little, "with the red, the blue, and the yellow." Mr. Cooke has looked, or wishes to make others look, at Venice through a glass; but it is not a glass that adds, but one that takes away colour, and gives it a monotonous and somewhat dejected appearance. To do Mr. Cooke justice, however, this applies chiefly to the first three; and in the sketches called "Evening in the Lagoons" and "The Evening Cloud" the result has been far happier, the former being, on the whole, the best sketch in the volume. Two sketches from Naples, one from Pompeii, one of Pæstum, and a considerable number from the Nile, which latter fail to give a good idea of the breadth of the river, make up the rest of the "Leaves," which are all impressed with the same merits and the same defects. Mr. Cooke, in these sketches, has gone in for unnecessary elaboration where a certain amount of boldness would, in nine cases out of ten, have produced far better and truer results, and, as we have said, he has by no means made the best use of the material with which he worked. Everything cannot be accomplished by the pencil, but it can be made to call forth far more vivid and more faithful effects of light, of shade, and of colour than it has produced in Mr. Cooke's hands. In point of fact, Mr. Cooke's sketches are too neat for the scenes he has chosen to depict. The style which may be suited to represent the grey ruins of colder climates and less varied scenes than those which belong to Italy and the East can scarcely be expected to catch the charm of Venice, of Naples, or of the banks of the Nile. That Mr. Cooke fully appreciates the charm and beauty of the places he depicts we do not for a moment doubt, but he has not succeeded in so seizing that beauty with his pencil as to make those to whom the sights are unfamiliar share his appreciation.

*Fred Markham in Russia.* By W. H. G. Kingston. (Griffith and Farran.)—Mr. W. H. G. Kingston is an exceedingly able writer for boys, and his books, which are always teeming with the adventures so dear to the audience to which he appeals, are always sure at the same time to convey a great deal of information so skilfully hidden away in enthralling narrative that his readers are never for a moment allowed to entertain the suspicion, so frequently fatal to popularity, that they are learning anything in their amusement. Mr. Kingston's last book ought to prove fully as successful as its predecessors, for it treats of the country which is in everybody's mouth; and as boys like no better than their elders to be behind the age in subjects of conversation, Mr. Kingston may prove the Mackenzie Wallace of a large portion of the rising generation. The story is well and vigorously told, all the adventures likely to occur during a journey in Russia being presented with due prominence; and the attractiveness of the volume is increased by a number of illustrations by R. T. Landells.

*Children's Toys.* (C. Kegan Paul and Co.)—The difficult question as to what children shall be given to play with, a question that has helped to puzzle philosophers as well as anxious parents, becomes as a rule especially urgent about Christmas time. The appearance, therefore, of a work upon this abstruse subject, appearing at so opportune a moment, will be hailed, we should fancy, with delight by that large number of beings who, about the end of the year, recollect that their youthful friends require presents, and cannot think what to give them. The anonymous author of this pleasant little volume, which is but the expanded form of a lecture delivered to a rural audience, dwells at considerable length upon the chief toys that gladden youth, and conveys a great deal of information about them, and all they may be made to teach, in an interesting, unassuming manner. Altogether, 'Children's Toys' is an agreeable and useful book, likely to be of value in whatever hands it may fall into, be they those of parents or children.

*The Cuckoo Clock.* By Ennis Graham. Illustrated by Walter Crane. (Macmillan and Co.)—The writer

who has adopted the *nom de plume* of Ennis Graham possesses in a very high degree the art of telling children's stories. One would think that it would be difficult nowadays to make a story about a little girl and her dreams seem at once fresh and interesting, but the reader, child or adult, would be indeed hard to please who could not find great pleasure in reading about Griselda and her dreams, and the cuckoo who lived in the clock and taught her so much, and her little friend Phil. When we say that the 'Cuckoo Clock' is as good as 'Carrots' we give it very high praise. Like 'Carrots,' it has the great advantage of being illustrated by Walter Crane. The beauty of his illustrations would make such a book as this an art treasure if the text were worthless, and it is one of the promising signs of the increasing artistic culture of the times that the fact is at last being appreciated, that it is as important for children as for anyone else to receive good pictures as well as good books. For this admirable result children are chiefly indebted to Mr. Walter Crane, who has devoted to them artistic work calculated to develop in them a high taste for form and colour.

*The Magic Valley; or, Patient Antoine.* By E. Keary. (Macmillan and Co.)—'The Magic Valley' is a pleasant, agreeably-written fairy story, which, if it does not possess any strikingly original features—and it is exceedingly difficult for fairy tales to do so of late—has the great merit of being readable. The various adventures that befall Antoine and Violette and the magical white cat, Dame Blanche, in the Magic Valley, among the different races of supernatural beings rejoicing in the names of Dracs and Fadas, are told in an easy and attractive style, and as the work is prettily got-up, and prettily illustrated by "E. V. B.," it fulfils all the requirements of a Christmas volume. Scattered through the volume, here and there, and at the headings of chapters, are a great many pretty little poems, which add considerably to the attractions of the volume.

*Sketches from Nature with Pen and Pencil.* By Lady Verney. (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.)—These 'Sketches from Nature' are a series of illustrated essays or papers on various subjects calculated to interest and amuse young children. All are well written and well illustrated. The article on the "Fate of Pets" contains, among various melancholy anecdotes of the sad ends of petted animals, and one or two grim tales about tame tigers, an amusing story about a literary man who, in a quiet hotel in an out-of-the-way French town, fraternised with a small tame owl which had lost a leg. One day—the day previous to his departure—this owl disappeared, and on enquiring what had become of it as he was paying his bill, the landlord informed him that the necessary game for dinner not having been obtainable on the previous day, the owl had been cooked instead. "'What!' cried the horrified guest; 'you did not kill the little owl for me?' 'Oh, non, Monsieur! il est mort tout seul.'" This is a new version of the famous falcon story.

*Science and Literature in the Middle Ages.* By Paul Lacroix. (Bickers and Son.)—It is not quite easy to see the reason for an English translation of the Bibliophile Jacob's Renaissance books, but they look well in their English dress, and are always welcome in any form. The name of P. L. Bibliophile Jacob has been pretty prominent in French literature for many years back, but of late his name has been connected chiefly with the more or less valuable works on the middle ages, of which this volume is the latest. To say that there are occasional mistakes or errors of judgment in these works is but to say that Bibliophile Jacob is human like other writers, and these, as well as their merits, have been pointed out sufficiently often to render any repetition of criticism, with regard to this translation, unnecessary.

*The Christmas Story-teller.* (Sampson Low and Co.)—This is a capital collection, "by old hands and new ones," of the stories, poems, and humorous papers which are usually assumed to be appropriate to Christmas. There are good names among the story-tellers; several stories are by Mark Lemon, one being the last story written by him; Edmund Yates's "Lady of Lancham Ferry," which, we believe, first appeared in *Household Words*, is here; Shirley Brooks, Andrew Halliday, Tom Hood, and T. W. Robertson are included among the writers of the past; Henry S. Leigh and Burnand represent each in his own way the humour of the time. There are, of course, ghost-stories in this volume—what collection of Christmas stories would be considered complete without a large percentage of ghostly tales?—and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Clifford's "Cousin Geoffrey's Chamber," though not a ghost story, is a highly exciting old favourite, whom we are glad to meet with again. Taken all round, the collection is exceedingly good, with plenty of clever illustrations by good artists, and is very well calculated to while away a few lazy winter hours.

*On the Imitation of Christ.* (Longmans.)—By adding a number of well-executed French etchings, ornamental letters, and tail-pieces to the admirable English rendering from Thomas à Kempis, published by Messrs. Remington in 1876, Messrs. Longmans have produced a very handsome edition of the 'Imitation of Christ,' an edition that would probably have seemed too handsome to Balzac's Madame de la Chanterie and the little *cénacle* to whom the work was their gospel. Many of the illustrations are impressed with great vigour as well as delicacy of treatment, and in many the effects of shade, so important to attain in etching, are very happily attained. The merit of the book would certainly have been enhanced from an artistic point of view by a less frequent repetition of so many of the tail-pieces.

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## MINOR NOTICES.

*The Maid of Norway.* By A. Munch. Translated from the Norwegian by Mrs. Robert Birkbeck.—Munch's 'Pigen Fra Norge,' of which this is a translation, is certainly not a cheerful tale. It belongs to that class of story which, under the plea of being a historical novel, seems to consider itself permitted to play the wildest pranks with generally-received history. Schiller's defiance of history in making Joan of Arc die on the field of battle, and in imagining a meeting between Mary Stuart and Queen Elizabeth, or Goethe's in making Egmont unmarried and in love with Clara, are as nothing when compared with the liberties this author takes. 'The Maid of Norway' as a reference to Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather' informs us, was the daughter of King Eric of Norway, who on the death of Alexander the Third of Scotland inherited the crown of that country. In order to effect an union between the two countries, the King of England proposed a marriage between his son Edward and the young queen, which was agreed upon, but the young queen died in Orkney on her journey to Scotland. As she was about six years old when she died, it is not easy to see at first how a story can be constructed with her for a heroine. But, nothing daunted, the Norwegian novelist decides that the young queen did not die at all, but was, out of enmity to the King of Norway, given to a sailor to adopt, and reported as dead. The story treats of the discovery of this treachery by a young Scottish knight, who comes to Norway, and arranges with a malcontent earl to bring Margaret, now a young woman, to Norway, and depose the reigning king. Margaret is brought from Lubeck, where she has been living unaware of her kingly birth; but the scheme fails, the conspirators are arrested and killed, and Margaret is burnt to death. It seems rather hard-hearted on the part of a novelist to revive a poor, dead-and-gone historical character merely to bring her to such a miserable end as this. The story itself is well, if somewhat drily, told, the whole tone of the narrative seeming to suggest that its author had studied the novels of Sir Walter Scott carefully. The volume is ornamented with a great many clever pen-and-ink sketches of Norwegian scenery by the translator's husband.

*Touch Not the Nettle.* By Alec Fearon. (S. Tinsley.)—"Edward Stanley had blue blood running in his veins, and yet he was no Adonis. Effie Garstin too was an heiress; Edward Stanley hardly knew what it was to have half-a-crown which he could spend without questioning or deliberations, and yet the pair had been friends and playfellows from earliest childhood." Effie, however, felt so certain of Edward's love for her that she took no pains to retain it; so that when Stanley went to Wales to complete his education as a painter he fell desperately in love with Lady May Vivian, daughter of Lord Hardupp, who, after his return to England, telegraphed to him to come out and look after her father who had fallen ill. Meanwhile Effie becoming jealous of Lady May makes use in a singularly mean manner of information obtained in a singularly mean way, which convinces Edward that Lady May is already married, and has been fooling him. The story is not told with that overwhelming power which chains the attention; but even if it were, it would be impossible to take any interest in so dishonourable a person as Effie. However, it may be noted that during Edward's absence she fell under the influence of a certain Mr. Adams, who ventured in many tedious conversations to question the exact accuracy of the biblical scheme of creation; and perhaps the heroine's moral deterioration should be traced to the subtle poison of Mr. Adams's heretical teaching. This may also possibly be the nettle to which mysterious reference is made on the title-page.

*A Great Emergency, and Other Tales.* By Juliana Ewing. (G. Bell and Sons.)—This is a volume of bright little stories, the first of which is the best. The boy, in whose person it is written, is very like a real boy, and his experiences will recall many memories of private school-life. "There always was sunshine when we played cricket. The hotter it was the better we liked it. We had a bottle of lemon-kali powder on the ground, and I used to have to make fizzing-cup in a tin mug for the other boys. I got the water from the canal. Lemon-kali is delicious on a very hot day—so refreshing! But I sometimes fancied I felt a little sick afterwards, if I had had a great deal." The most interesting part of the story, however, is that which relates how the hero, setting out to seek adventures and fortune, was taken care of and brought safely back by a wise old bargeman, and arrived at home just in time to miss taking part in the one great emergency that befell the family, who were all constantly on the look-out for opportunities of displaying presence of mind. The other stories in the volume, if their moral purpose is a little too obvious, are at least free from any morbid cant, and written with truth and liveliness.

*Disappeared From Her Home.* By Mrs. Fred. E. Perkis. (Remington and Co.)—This is a book which fills one with amaze. Mr. Warden married a kind of foreign peasant-girl, "according to the rites of her own Church. I can see her now, in her royal beauty (she had the blood of Spanish kings in her veins), as she swept down the aisles." This remarkable person's daughter having run away from home to join her mother, could be nowhere found, and having caused an infinite deal of trouble by her mad freak, was comfortably married to a good young lord. This somewhat dull and improbable tale is eked out with all kinds of impossible incidents, which we cannot pretend to recollect with any distinctness. "How they all came there is quite a wonder," which we will leave any inquisitive person to examine for himself.

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## THE MAGAZINES.

The cold shade of Opposition seems to agree with Mr. Lowe. His reply to Mr. Gladstone on Franchise Extension, in the *Fortnightly Review*, is a brisk and boisterous burlesque, the venerable statesman, with all his professed alarm for the safety of the country, and all his professed earnestness to get a hearing for this momentous question ere yet it be too late, seizing the opportunity of "taking a rise" out of his late chief, and kicking up his heels in wanton enjoyment like a young colt in a field of clover. The following is a fair specimen of the high spirits with which Mr. Lowe pursues his task of reply:—

> Here then are the arguments in favour of manhood suffrage, as revised and corrected by the minister who proposed a 7*l.* franchise in 1866. 1. Every man must, directly or indirectly, contribute to the revenue. The same thing may be said of every dog. A man satisfies the qualification by paying for a glass of beer. 2. Every man by his labour contributes to the public wealth. The same thing may be said of every cart-horse. 3. Nine men out of ten are fathers of families. This qualification is the condition of the continuance of the species which we share with the lower animals. 4. Every man is possessed of the power of doing a great deal of mischief. So is almost every animal. We have known houses where everything that was broken was attributed to the agency of the cat. It will hardly be believed that these four arguments, expounded, of course, and amplified, are the four Corinthian pillars which are destined to support the enormous fabric of universal suffrage. We shall not think it necessary to criticise them further, but content ourselves with the remark that we seem, somehow or other, to have slipped down from the human into the animal kingdom, and that we sigh for some reason for submitting ourselves to the will of the many which is drawn at least from qualities peculiar to the human race, to which, after all, the poorest and most ignorant among us do belong.

No one with any sense of fun can help enjoying Mr. Lowe's article; but as a political polemic, it is merely a blaze of fireworks to cover a retreat. If the argument is good for anything, it implies that nobody should have the suffrage except the one perfect man, wherever he is to be found. What would Mr. Lowe say to a public competition for the privilege of electing the Sovereign and both Houses of Parliament?

In his treatise, in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "Hydrophobia and Rabies," Sir Thomas Watson regards hydrophobia as a well-authenticated disease, though there are many medical men who have never seen a case of it. He quotes several indisputable instances, in which the symptoms could not possibly be confounded with those of any other known disease. The first part of the article, containing a terrible description of the symptoms, dwelling gently on the best means of euthanasia, and stating the fact that the virus may be lodged several months, and even years, in the bitten part without developing yet without losing its vitality, is not calculated to allay the present panic; but towards the end it becomes more reassuring. Although there is no hope of saving the patient once the hydrophobic symptoms appear, and the art of the physician is of avail only for the mitigation of the final agonies, the preventive operation, when a person is bitten by a mad dog, can be performed with absolute safety. Sir Thomas Watson recommends the complete excision of the bitten part as the surest preventive. He considers this more certain than cauterisation. But then a doctor is not always at hand, and everybody has not the hardihood of Emily Brontë, who applied the actual cautery to her own arm with a red-hot Italian iron. Sir Thomas gives the following answer to the question what should be done for a man who has been bitten by a rabid animal and has no access to immediate medical help.

> What I should most strongly recommend, and fortunately it is very easy of performance, is this. First, that a bandage tight enough to restrain the venous circulation should be applied just above the wound, between it and the heart; and next, that without any delay a continuous stream of tepid or cold water should be poured from a height, and therefore with a certain degree of force, upon and into the wound. This might be done from the spout of a tea-kettle, or better from a water-tap, and it should be persevered with even for an hour or two, or until the arrival of medical aid. In this way the implanted poison would, in all likelihood, be thoroughly washed away, and the safety of the sufferer secured. Nevertheless, this process need not exclude subsequent excision or cauterisation, should one or the other be feasible or thought desirable, "to make assurance doubly sure."

Sir Thomas Watson does not believe in the spontaneous generation of the disease in dogs at particular seasons of the year. Dogs may be seized with rabies in December as well as in July. It is a contagious disease, propagated from one victim to another, and there are "large portions of the habitable world which are now and have always been entirely free from those dreadful twin pests, rabies and hydrophobia." Sir Thomas agrees with Mr. Youatt and Sir James Bardsley that if all the dogs in

the kingdom were subjected to a rigid quarantine for several months, the disease might be extirpated, and he advises the planning of legislative measures to this effect.

## ART.

### THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

[*First Notice.*]

That the first opening of the Grosvenor Gallery was followed by a slight murmur of disappointment from the public is, we are afraid, indisputable. That this murmur will be changed into a chorus of congratulation on the opening of this its second exhibition, is, we think, no less certain. The only fault that can be found with the present magnificent artistic show is that it errs on the side of too great liberality. The frame of mind that is necessary to appreciate a drawing by Holbein is not precisely that in which one is most able to revel in a Turner or a David Cox. But of course it is open to anyone to treat the collection as two separate exhibitions, and to visit them on separate days—a plan which we strongly recommend.

Amongst so much that is of interest we have no hesitation in assigning the highest place to the wonderful series of drawings by Leonardo da Vinci. People have often marvelled at the enormous influence exercised over the art of his time by a man who has left nothing to account for his reputation save one ruined fresco, a few easel pictures of doubtful authenticity, and the memory of a statue that was never even cast. A careful study of these drawings will go a long way to explain the paradox. Here are studies of trees (805), executed with a truth to Nature that must fill with envy the most advanced realist of the present day; studies of mountain forms (806), equally true and equally perplexing to the student, who looks for them in vain in the finished landscape of the time. Then, again, studies of fruit and foliage (809), and studies of river scenery (811). These last are particularly interesting, as relating to the scientific side of Leonardo's mind. They appear to represent the canalisation of a river bed, such as we know he carried into practical effect. In one of the lower ones there is a sketch of an improved ferry-boat, to be moved across by the force of the stream. They are, in fact, engineer's drawings, but none the less beautiful for that. Then there are studies from the nude (807), studies of drapery (696, 736), studies of hands and arms (715), anatomical studies (676), grotesques innumerable (724, 728, 808). These last illustrate another phase of his character—the wit, the man of infinite merriment, the favourite of princes and kings; and here it may be instructive to observe that his genius is less remarkable in this line than in any other that he pursued. Indeed, if it were not for the admirable caricature of Dante (671), one would be inclined to say that his humour was a little heavy. Then there are portrait studies, the combined truth and subtlety of which have never been equalled; to confirm which judgment we will point to 687, which is moreover imbued with the peculiar charm that he sometimes gave to his female heads; and then, perhaps most interesting of all, come the studies that he made for the few pictures by which he is known to the public. In 711 we can see some of the heads in the "Last Supper" as the master conceived them, not as time and the restorers have left them; 675 and 687 are the original drawings for the Virgin and St. Anne in the Louvre.

The fact is, Leonardo's natural means of expression was the pencil. There was nothing in the domain of art, and scarcely anything in any other domain, that he left untouched; nothing that he touched that he did not improve. Being the greatest painter of his age he felt it necessary to paint a few pictures, but if he had painted nothing his influence on art would still have been unrivalled. Amongst minor points we may notice the surprising variety of his execution; sometimes he drew with the brush in *tempera* on linen, sometimes washed his drawings in with bistre, but he usually preferred the point; sometimes red or black chalk, sometimes pen and ink, though perhaps his greatest achievements are with the silver point.

Before going on to Raffaelle and Michel Angelo, it may be as well to refer to the one Italian master whose drawings approach Leonardo's in refinement of execution. There is a study of drapery by Lorenzo di Credi (707), which may explain a mastery over the pencil that his pictures would scarcely lead one to expect. This appears to be a most careful copy of the well-known drapery by Leonardo in the Louvre; 783 and 812 are admirable examples of Lorenzo's original work.

The Raffaelle drawings form also a superb series. In his earliest manner, whilst still under the influence of Perugino, we have (339) a head full of devotional feeling, with a touch of the peculiar grace that became so strongly developed afterwards; 621, 633, and 637 are also fine examples of his early style. Then we have sketches for pictures—true sketches, merely meant to help the artist in his conceptions, and not meant in the least as works of art in themselves, as are nearly all of Leonardo's drawings. Such are 613, remarkable for its colour; 600 and 604, studies for the Borghese entombment; and 615, very vigorous in the action of the boatmen. There are also two cartoons for well-known pictures, 608 and 629; the latter especially ("The Belle Jardinière") being of great beauty, although much injured; 627, a head in his latest manner, may be profitably compared with 621, as showing the gain in vigour but the loss of truth and character that distinguished the close of his career.

But the best examples of the Raffaelesque drawing *par excellence*—a style that has overridden all others in the popular conception of drawing, which has been the basis of all academic instruction, and is still the ideal of all the drawing-masters in the world—may be found in Nos. 620, 625, and 636. It may be interesting to consider a little in what the peculiar merits of this style consist. We think they are faultless in proportion, grace of pose, facile and agreeable execution, and vigorous rendering of movement. Great merits, no doubt—but the defects? Want of individual character is the most important, and it is this which makes all imitators of this style so cold and uninteresting. Again, the choice of gesture is limited to certain very obvious attitudes, and the whole is tainted by an affected grace that in Raffaelle is merged in the vigour of the conception but in his followers is simply offensive.

From these we will turn to the works of Raffaelle's great rival, Michel Angelo—a man of still greater power, but whose influence, owing no doubt to the innate perversity of human nature, has also, we consider, been on the whole unfortunate. His treatment of the nude is well shown in the splendid study for the Sistine Adam (663); 641 is also a masterly example of figure-drawing. One sees at once how much more careful he was in the modelling of his figure than Raffaelle, who seemed always to rely chiefly on the grand flow of his outline. The choice of pose, in avoiding facile grace, runs rather into the strained and over-bold. The search after originality carries him even in these studies somewhat towards the peculiar scheme of proportion that he adopted for heroic figures, and which Mr. Ruskin so ingeniously defended in his early days. The torso is always large for the extremities, the feet in particular being very small. His power of composition is well shown in the design for a *pietà* (648), in which also the intense grief of the bystanders is expressed by very different means from the conventional gestures employed by Raffaelle; 650 is a grand study for a head in the "Last Judgment;" 661 is interesting as containing some verses in his own handwriting. The drawing attached to them is wrongly described in the catalogue as an arm; it is an anatomical study of a leg. 649 and 664 are very grand in design, but of a laboured smoothness of execution that scarcely reminds us of the master's hand.

In Titian we come to a man who was content with being the greatest painter, in the strict sense of the

term, of his own or perhaps any age, and whose drawings are even more strictly aids to painting than are even Raffaelle's. The design for the lost "Battle of Cadore" (521) is certainly of great interest, and the arguments brought forward for its authenticity in the catalogue are no doubt admirable in themselves, if they were not vitiated by one unfortunate circumstance, viz., that the execution of the drawing bears no trace of Titian's hand, and is, in fact, lamentably feeble. The study for the falling horseman in the same picture (522) is in a very different style, and is a very fine and vigorous drawing; 524, 534, and 536 are good examples of his love for landscape. The "waterfall" that gives its title to the latter is, we think, imaginary, Titian's method of rendering inequalities in the surface of the ground being by parallel lines that distantly resemble falling water. 535 is a fine study of a beech tree; this was, perhaps, utilised in the Peter Martyr, an undoubted study for which exists in 876. Of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese there are not many interesting examples; 880 is the best of the former. Of the latter we may call attention to 879 and 890. There are one or two drawings assigned to Giorgione, but all, we are afraid, of doubtful anthenticity. Of the remaining Venetians, the two Bellinis and Carpaccio are represented by some not very favourable specimens.

We must reserve our examination of the remaining Italian drawings, together with those of the Dutch, German, and French schools, for a subsequent article.

## VARIORUM NOTES.

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Professor Mommsen celebrated his sixtieth birthday on the 30th ult. at his residence in Charlottenburg. Sixty members of the Academy and University—one for each year—presented him with a congratulatory address accompanied by an essay on antiquarian and classical research to which the most prominent professors had contributed a part. Professor Scherer was the spokesman. On the 13th ult. another veteran celebrated his eightieth birthday. It was Gustav Reichard, the composer of the music to Arndt's famous song "Was ist der Deutschen Vaterland." During the festivities, a telegram arrived from the Crown Prince of Prussia congratulating the happy octogenarian. It may, perhaps, not be superfluous to add, in view of a recent controversy, that Professor Mommsen is sixty and Dr. Reichard eighty years of age.

The Radziwill Palace in Berlin has now been thoroughly repaired and fitted up for the reception of Prince Bismarck when he returns from growing the Diocletian cabbage at Varzin. His study is on the ground-floor, which is lower than the garden where the Prince wishes to recreate himself after his diplomatic labours. His doctors do not at all approve of this, and shake their heads ominously.

As we pointed out last week, the impending marriages in the House of Hohenzollern gave rise to some unforeseen difficulties, which have caused attention to be directed to other customs of the House it might be advisable to abolish. Thus, the ceremony of lending the Crown jewels to the bride for the wedding, and returning them the same day to their chests, is to be discontinued. Regarding this custom, Alexander von Sternberg relates in his 'Reminiscences' a characteristic joke of Frederick William IV. After the wedding of the daughter of Prince William with Maximilian of Bavaria, and after they had retired, it was found that a costly fan was missing. The carriage with the rest of the jewels was ready to return with them, but the king would not allow it to leave till the fan had been found. All search was in vain, and the king, in spite of all representations, went to the bridal chamber, and in a feigned voice demanded the fan. In spite of the reiterated assurances of husband and wife that the fan was not in their room, the king insisted upon their looking for it. At last the fan was found; the princess just opened the door and passed it out, with a few remarks that were the reverse of complimentary to the king. Another custom was the dispensing of costly garters at the bed-room door. This also is to be discontinued. Altogether the master of ceremonies is to arrange quite a new programme. The trousseau for the two brides has been ordered in Germany alone, especially in Frankfort-on-the-Main. The State dowry of the Princesses, 600,000 marks, of which half used to go to the trousseau and half paid in cash, is no longer borne by the State but by the Crown.

It seems that Cothesbrooke, in Northamptonshire, is to be, for a time at all events, the residence of the Empress of Austria when in this country. It is said that her son, Prince Rudolf, will be elected an honorary member of the Reform Club.

A movement which has been set on foot in Edinburgh for preserving, in some suitable way, the memory of the late Mr. Alexander Russel, the well-known Scotch Liberal politician and journalist, has already, it would appear, resulted in the raising of several thousands of pounds. When the list of subscriptions closes, it is believed the sum realised will be devoted to educational purposes.

A clergyman who introduced Mr. Henry Ward Beecher to an audience recently, described him as a "giant mountain, whose full proportions we could fully appreciate only at a distance from it; we are too near Beecher to realise how great he is, and must wait fifty years for that." Beecher himself had the modesty to say, "I think if I know myself I am an honest man; that I am a great man I may think fifty years hence, not now."

Sir N. K. Shuttleworth has, it seems, received charge of the Bill for the better municipal government of the Metropolis, and will introduce it next Session. Lord Camperdown also intends to reintroduce his Bill for making the Metropolitan Board of Works directly, and not indirectly through the vestries, representative of the ratepayers.

Mr. Grant Duff is understood to have given a pledge to bring forward his motion on the subject of the Indian Museum next Session, and it is quite possible that the site of the Fife House Estate on the Victoria Embankment, which the Government have refused to buy, may be used to erect an Indian and Colonial Museum on, the more especially as the Australian colonies have distinctly declared that under no consideration will they consent to the selection of the site at South Kensington, which Sir Bartle Frere was once so strongly in favour of.

The Austrian Government has proclaimed the existence of the cattle plague in Servia, and has given orders that the frontier should be most strictly watched to prevent the importation of cattle or green hides. According to letters from Belgrade, nothing whatever is known there of the alleged outbreak, and the precautions of the Austrian authorities are regarded simply as a political measure.

The old story of "capers, not anchovies," once so amusingly made use of by Thackeray, has just received another illustration in newspaper controversy. Mr. Freeman lately described Musurus Pasha as a Greek. Mr. A. R. Fairfield fiercely attacked Mr. Freeman in the *Daily News*, accusing him of crass ignorance, and all manner of other offences, because he did not know that Musurus Pasha was an Armenian. A writer in the *Daily News* poured out a flood of evidence to prove that Musurus Pasha must be a Greek, and that Mr. Freeman was therefore right. Mr. Freeman himself writes very mildly, for him, to say that he always understood Musurus Pasha to be a Greek, and that if he was mistaken on the point he is quite willing to be corrected. But now, at the last moment, Mr. Fairfield has come to the front again, apologetically, to say that his memory played him false, and that when he had spoken of Musurus Pasha he was thinking of quite a different person. He meant capers, not anchovies.

On Tuesday night the first of Mr. William Morris's lectures, that on the "Decorative Art in Relation to Modern Life and Progress," was delivered at the Co-operative Institute, Castle Street, Oxford Street, to a large audience. Mr. Morris read his lecture, but the disadvantages usually attendant upon read

lectures were entirely obviated by the ease of his manner and the clearness of his delivery. The lecture, which was full of interest, had for its object principally to point out that improvements in the decorative arts must come in the first instance, and mainly, from the handicraftsmen themselves. Mr. Morris drew a charming picture of English landscape, reminding his listeners of the opening lines of the "Earthly Paradise," as the setting or background of the architecture which is characteristic of the English. He strongly denounced the mania for restoration which prevails in the present day, and has helped to destroy so many historical associations. The too merely commercial spirit of the present day came in for a share of condemnation, as well as the ungenerous principle which would hoard up works of art to be the luxurious delight of a privileged few. One part of Mr. Morris's lecture, in which he dwelt upon the immense interest that politics must have for everyone, was especially welcome as an answer to the absurd theory of a few, that for poets and other artists the political movements of the time and of past history are matter of no concern or importance whatever.

The presence of Sir John Bennett at the dinner to Mr. Archibald Forbes, on Saturday, and his juxtaposition to Mr. Sala in the coffee-room afterwards, served to recall a good story about one of Mr. Sala's happy quotations. Shortly after Thanksgiving Day, when Mr. Bennett was raised to knighthood, he happened to meet Mr. Sala, and was immediately accosted with the query, "Watchman, what of the night?"

The reporter of the *New York Herald* has interviewed at Fort Walsh the Sioux chief Sitting Bull, whose army destroyed the few forces of General Custer some short time back. The reporter thus describes the big Indian, who has taken up his residence in Canada, and claimed the protection of the "great, white mother:"—"He is about five feet ten inches high. He was clad in a black and white calico shirt, black cloth leggings and mocassins, magnificently embroidered with beads and porcupine quills. He held in his left hand a foxskin cap, its brush drooping to his feet; with the dignity and grace of a natural gentleman he had removed it from his head at the threshold. His long, black hair hung far down his back, athwart his cheeks and in front of his shoulders. His eyes gleamed like black diamonds. His visage, devoid of paint, was noble and commanding; nay, it was something more. Besides the Indian character given to it by high cheekbones, a broad retreating forehead, a prominent aquiline nose, and a jaw like a bulldog's, there was about the mouth something of beauty, but more of an expression of exquisite, cruel irony." Who shall say, after this, that the noble savage has quite departed?

A case of some interest to photographers and their customers has just been decided at Berlin. The well-known photographer Hauffstengel had published a photograph of Princess Charlotte which another photographer had pirated. During the case a letter was read from the Princess's governess, in which Hauffstengel alone was authorised to publish the photograph in question. This letter, however, was written after the piracy had taken place, and consequently the defendant was acquitted.

Professor Mantegazza, of Florence, famous for the 'Fisiologia d'Amore,' has been pursuing the theory started by Professor Ecker, of Freiburg University, that the ideal hand, belonging to artists, ancient and modern, has the index or forefinger longer than the ring finger, and has obtained some interesting results, the chief being that as a rule men are more inclined to short forefingers than women.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly publish 'The Conflicts of Capital and Labour,' by George Howell, author of the 'Handy-Book of the Labour Laws.' Mr. Howell has been connected for nearly twenty years with workmen and their movements, and is well informed in most matters connected with Trades Unions. The need for such a book was made especially apparent during the recent Conferences in London between the Clergy and the Trade Union leaders, when it became obvious that a great ignorance existed as to the principles upon which Trade Unions are based. There is hardly any phase of the question which will not be carefully discussed by Mr. Howell.

Mr. T. Louis Oxley, of the Reform Club, has prepared a descriptive illustrated volume of continental novels, entitled 'From Calais to Karlsbad,' which will be shortly published by Messrs. Kerby and Endean, of 190 Oxford Street.

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